# FELIX ALVAREZ;

OR,

# Manners in Spain:

CONTAINING

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNTS

OF SOME OF THE

PROMINENT EVENTS

OF

THE LATE PENINSULAR WAR;

AND

*AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES*

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SPANISH CHARACTER;

INTERSPERSED WITH

POETRY,

ORIGINAL, AND FROM THE SPANISH.

BY

ALEXANDER R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

# GENERAL GRAHAM,

LORD LYNEDOCH.

MY LORD,

AT my outset in life, one unfortunate oversight of a professional form, the effect of inexperience, had nearly been the means of putting a sudden end to my prospect and hope of continuing in an active and honourable career, when your Lordship interfered in my favour, and averted consequences, which would have been deeply afflictive to me, and to those with whom nature, and a peculiar domestic education, had united me by the most endearing and grateful ties.*

Though I was too well convinced of the general principle of this noble act, and too sensible of having no personal claim to your protection, to ascribe your kindness to any individual distinction, yet I was impressed, not only with unbounded gratitude, but with a kind of feeling which, during the remainder of the siege of Cadiz, and the succeeding campaigns in the Peninsula, added a relative enthusiasm to the general one in all that concerned your glory. During the progress of the armies, I several times enjoyed the happiness of being noticed by you; and from Barrosa to St. Sebastian, my admiration, my gratitude, I had almost dared to say my affection, kept pace with the opportunities that perpetually called them forth.

With these feelings, unabated by time or circumstances, no wonder, my Lord, that

I should be open to the ambition of seeing a literary effort of mine honoured by your name, and with your consent. This desire strongly acted upon me last autumn, when I ventured, for the first time, to try the strength of my pen, in the publication of a little poem entitled "*Ramirez;*" but I doubted its merit, for all the praise it had received flowed from the suspicious source of partial affection. I was at the time writing the following sheets, and two reasons induced me to prefer making these the occasion of requesting the honour I aspired to: the one was, that many of the facts I had introduced into them were not unknown to your Lordship; and the other was, that the manuscript had had the good fortune to meet with less equivocal approbation, from a man of too much known judgment to be deceived, and of too much

acknowledged virtue to deceive. In saying this, my Lord, I will not conceal that the approbation was accompanied with a wish, that I had thrown the subject into the form of a journal, or general observations, rather than into that of a romance. I was willing to be corrected, and from such a judge as I allude to, what unpractised candidate would not be proud of the correction? But if I could have changed the form of my composition, my object itself must also have been changed. I had neither history, nor the materials of history in view: sketches and portraits were my aim, which was as distant from the flight of sublime poetry on the one hand, as from the majestic simplicity of historical narrative and profound remark on the other. My encourager is himself engaged in an undertaking of the latter kind relative to the

Peninsula, a species of composition in which she is acknowledged to have few rivals: but for me, who only mean at most to offer some interesting pictures taken on the spot, I thought I could not do better than embody them in a whole, by the use of a fictitious character, whom I could place in situations, and to whom I could give sentiments, more likely to produce the effect I intended, than if I wrote in my own person.

I do not wish your Lordship to think that I am striving to apologize for dedicating a novel to you; for, besides that I do not consider these volumes as a novel, I have learned to respect that branch of literature, from the many excellent works of the kind in our language, and I should be proud of being able to write one worthy of your attention. What I wish is, that your

Lordship should not attribute to fiction what belongs to reality; and that you should be aware, that the whole of the former in these volumes is confined to the slight story which combines the facts and descriptions. All that relates to military movements and to social manners is almost a copy of my own journal, which I cannot trace but with great pleasure; a pleasure that will be as lasting as life; a pleasure that I undoubtedly owe to you, and which is greatly enhanced by your thus permitting the public expression of my gratitude.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Faithful and obedient Servant,

ALEXANDER R. C. DALLAS.

*Morden,*
*4th May,* 1818.

# PREFACE.

DURING the greater part of the siege of Cadiz I was attached to the British army under General Graham. On the raising of the siege, I accompanied the forces in their glorious progress through Spain, and had opportunities of seeing and observing many parts of the country, and the character and manners of the inhabitants.

The leisure which the general peace brought to me, as to many others, devoting me to inactivity, I endeavoured to supply employment by study and composition, and I was requested by my family to retrace on paper, for their amusement, the very active scenes which I had witnessed and

shared in for several years. The following volumes were the result, and I offer them with much diffidence to the Public.

I have already stated, in my Dedication of the work, my reason for adopting a fictitious character for the vehicle of my observations, and also the extent of the fiction. I have great reason to fear that this will not be approved of, yet I cherish a hope that, if the fiction is distinctly discerned, as I trust it easily will be, it will be found rather to increase than diminish any interest that the work may be fortunate enough to create.

It will no doubt be observed by those who honour these pages with a perusal, that I have fully participated the public feeling at the usurpation and oppression of Spain. I have yielded to that feeling in the accounts and descriptions I have given

of the horrors put in practice to intimidate and enslave that unfortunate people, by a despotic chief and barbarous leaders, who thought no means to be rejected that in the least tended to the completion of their purposes. In the progress of civilization, even war had been civilized; and, before the Revolution, the armies of France had been trained and commanded by men of the most benevolent nature and polished minds; after it broke out, talent, and talent alone, was deemed necessary. Robbery was the word, robbery of every kind, public and private; and virtue and humanity would have been misplaced. War became again, what it naturally is, a state of violent passion and wanton barbarity. This was peculiarly felt in the Peninsula, and I have not spared the exposure of it, in the cruelties that marked the way of

Bonaparte's armies; but I trust I shall not be considered as attempting to delineate the character of the French in general, civil or military. I have described some of the effects of the dreadful convulsion of their country; but were I to describe the French, from what I have experienced in France, very different would be the colouring. I passed through it in the year 1814, and was every where delighted with the country and the inhabitants. I have since resided a good deal in it, and my first prepossessions have been confirmed. Indeed I am altogether so pleased with the manners, the hospitality, the talents of the French with whom I have had the good fortune to mix, and among whom I include many military men, that I eagerly seize this occasion to protest against the wanton attempts of writers on both sides, to in-

flame the minds of the multitude, and kindle animosities with idle and low tales. There are, no doubt, national distinctions of character, but man is man in every region and climate; he has, in every quarter, virtues and vices, magnanimity and meanness, wisdom and folly; and every writer may glean materials for praise, or dispraise, or ridicule, as suits his vein; but travellers are often not aware, that their lucubrations are mirrors of the society they have kept. If an Englishman writes from the Palais Royal in Paris, or a Frenchman from the booth of a Smithfield fair, what beings should we be made on either side of the Channel? The French, idle and dissolute; the English, stupid and abandoned. Who believes that Frenchmen are amused with shooting frogs with arrows, or that Englishmen can legally sell

their wives in a market, *corde au cou?* and yet we have heard both asserted.

"The majority are bad," said the old Grecian philosopher: it may be presumption in a young man to say the reverse; but certainly, as far as my experience of society goes, I incline to believe that the *majority are good,* in every nation: from these alone should its character be taken. I candidly avow that I feel what is called the prejudice of an Englishman; but I willingly allow the same prejudice to men of every country; and I should never feel hurt at the patriotic boast of any man:

The first best country ever is at home.
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

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# FELIX ALVAREZ.

## CHAPTER I.

Cadiz.—Alameda.—Neveria.—Tertulia.—Andalusian Belles and their Lovers.—Love in various Shapes. — Spanish Conversation. — Moonlight Night.—Volunteers.—Patriotic Song.

THE twilight of a day in August was succeeded by the rays of a young moon, just strong enough to cast a shade upon the lower benches of the Alameda, where the fair Gaditanas and their lovers might still continue their amorous interchange of sentiment unmolested by the presence of the goddess of chastity. Perhaps it was to avoid the penetrating gaze of Diana, that Doña Maria hastened from the public

walk, and retired to her magnificent mansion in the Barrio de San Carlos, to prepare herself for receiving the company which nightly assembled at the tertulia in its saloons.

The beams of the morn, forcing their way through the intervals of the luxuriant vines which covered the patio of the neveria *, warned those on whom they fell, that the hour approached when the gaiety which presided in Doña Maria's drawing-room should stifle all regret for the exclusion of those, as well as for the absence of the star of day.

* *Neverias* are public-houses, where refreshments of all kinds are sold. They derive their name from being the places generally resorted to for taking ices. Almost all the houses in the south of Spain are built with a large square open space in the middle, which is called the *patio*; this, in the neverias, is frequently covered at the commencement of the first story of the house with trellis-work, upon which are trained vines, the leaves of which afford a more agreeable shade than the canvass awning which is stretched over the patio at the top of the house in private houses.

The hour had not yet arrived, until which the keepers of neverias are forbidden to sell ice; and those who occupied the various tables that were disposed in the patio were awaiting the removal of the prohibition, by the striking of the clock, and amusing themselves in drinking *agraz*, and smoking segars. (1)

"Let us away to the tertulia," said Don Luis de Mosquera, addressing his young friend, Don Felix Alvarez; "we shall else be among the last who throw themselves at the feet of Doña Maria to-night." Don Felix assented, and they left the neveria to adjourn to the tertulia.

A tertulia is nothing more than an assemblage of people, met together to amuse themselves in the manner most agreeable to their tastes; whether by cards, music, conversation, or dancing. These assemblies are divested of formality; but, in other respects, differ little from the ge-

(1) See Notes at the end.

neral meetings of company, call them what you will. There the common topics of conversation are nightly exhausted; the state of empires is discussed, kings are dethroned, ministers dismissed, battles fought, captives made, characters *liberally* dealt with, present enemies extolled, absent friends calumniated. A tertulia is a concentrated picture of fashionable society, where the minor shades of character obscure the lustre of good qualities, and where, for the sake of appearing *agreeable*, one often renders oneself really unworthy. Industrious to conceal real virtue, if the opposite vice happen to be of a fashionable nature, good sense is often sacrificed in these tertulias at the shrine of folly, and truth lost in the labyrinth, where it is entangled by ridicule.

The passion for ridicule is the most general amongst the society which forms the Spanish tertulia; and such is the devotion to it, that sense, feeling, and delicacy, are continually outraged in the gratification

of the prevailing propensity. It is a weed firmly rooted in the heart, and pervades the whole system, from which it is never wholly eradicated: for whilst youth and spirits last, it grows and blooms; flourishes still in age; and as infirmity weakens the soil, and absorbs the vivifying moisture by which it was nourished, it assumes a different aspect—the root remains, but its production is changed, and what at first was ridicule, becomes sour calumny. The arrangement of the company who form the tertulia is as devoid of etiquette as their manners and conversation: the ladies generally sit in lines or circles, and are not a little loquacious; but if a momentary pause should ensue, a general crack of fans dispels the hated silence, and gives a signal for new topics. The men stand in groups, or walk about the apartment, excepting some decided *curutacos*, or ladies' men, and such as are only in the earlier stages of attendance upon the glance of a peculiar Doña. These lean upon the chairs of the

ladies, are sometimes seated by them, and are armed with the fan of their favourites, in the twirling and flirting of which they generally display a feminine dexterity. Let not the possession of this accomplishment excite contempt: for it is highly necessary for a young man in Spanish society, to understand the hidden meaning of the different movements of this organ of female wit; by the use of which the Spanish lady expresses the passions which agitate her mind, whether jealousy, resentment, or pleasure; and by which she encourages or repels the too timid or too enterprising lover; and from the knowledge of their meaning, to the power of expressing it, is but a step. The greater part of the society are generally engaged at banco, or some other fashionable game. The ladies occupy the greater number of seats round the table; and the gentlemen either risk their money on the fortune of some chosen one, or follow their own fortunes from behind. The tertulia at

Doña Maria de Alava's was one of the most fashionable, and the company were already assembled, when Don Luis and Don Felix joined it.

Don Luis advanced towards a group of ladies at one end of the room, and Don Felix sauntered round the table, which glittered with the golden heaps placed upon it by some of the fairest hands in Cadiz. He was addressed by the hostess:—

"She has certainly frowned upon you, Don Felix, or else her husband has awakened too soon from his siesta, and has disturbed your *tête-a-tête;* your face is so disappointedly long and grave, that nothing else could have so effectually banished the smiles you should wear in this Temple of Fortune.—Come, come, forget *her* cruelty, or *his* vigilance, and throw me an onza * on that red king;—my life but he wins!"

* An ounce of gold—the manner in which a doubloon is familiarly spoken of.

"The king shall have my tribute," replied Don Felix;" but I fear that your prophecy of my good fortune is likely to be as true, as the bad fortune you have imagined for me."

He laid down some money upon the card, and his example was followed by an English officer; who, with a significant look, addressed Doña Maria in English, with which language she was conversant. The banker turned the cards, and the king lost; and while the lady of the house was still engaged in conversation with the English Officer, Don Felix left the gaming-table, lest he should be obliged to pass the whole evening there, to which he was particularly averse.

Don Felix joined the circle of ladies to which Don Luis had attached himself, and remained near them without entering into the conversation in which they were engaged. He was acquainted with the whole of the party, but not intimately with any, a distinction highly necessary to be

made; for a Spanish lady, who has any pretention to *esprit*, generally admits a certain number of young men to her intimacy: the almost exclusive attention of these is devoted to her, but still without awakening unpleasant sensations in the breast of any, arising from the casual preference to one. This happy state of unjealous rivalry lasts as long as both the lady and the gentleman continue to find pleasure, either in this familiar intercourse, or, what is more generally the case, in the idea of their becoming through it the subject of conversation. But as soon as the impulse of novelty ceases to act, a thirst for variety returns; and without any evident rupture, or apparent cause for one, this partnership becomes dissolved by mutual consent, and the persons who formed it continue to meet, upon the apparent footing of how-d'ye-do acquaintances. This plan is of infinite use in Spanish society. The warm heart of a Spanish woman cannot be satisfied with the intercourse of

common acquaintance, or with conversation on general topics; her tone of mind requires something tender, and her fancy something undivided in conversation; but the love of variety is not the less too strong a passion to remain ungratified; and to excite other hope than that which is fulfilled by little kindnesses, impassioned looks, and allowed familiarity in company, would be to give a claim incompatible with the power of gratifying a desire of change, and of dismissing her lover when it pleased her.

A lady in the circle before Don Felix sat in a reclining posture upon a couch which occupied the space of one of the windows: she was an Andalusian beauty, admirably formed; a brunette with beautiful black hair, and brilliant eyes, which she rivetted on Don Felix with an expression that a little confused him, for his career in fashionable life had been but short, and though ashamed of so rustic a sensation he was not able immediately

to overcome it Doña Dolores (2) continued to gaze upon him, until she succeeded in chasing the blush from his cheek which her look had raised. She then quitted her reclining posture, and, by sitting upright, made room for a second person on the couch beside her. This action was accompanied by a motion of the fan, which Don Felix could not misunderstand; he therefore stepped forward, and took the seat which she had thus prepared for him.

"You were not on the Paseo * this evening, Don Felix."

"Had I supposed that Doña Dolores would have observed my absence from it, she should not have had occasion to have made the remark."

"Do not answer for too much, Señor; that gallant speech would not have sounded well in the ears of the lady who detained you from it."

"I was detained by no lady," said Don

* The public walk.

Felix, "I assure you, as my friend Don Luis de Mosquera can testify: we have not been separated the whole evening."

"Is Don Luis de Mosquera a friend of yours?" said the lady.

"A very particular one."

"Then he is no friend of mine," she replied; "and I shall not easily pardon him for having omitted to bring you to our tertulia. We meet to dance every Thursday evening—you must remember that; and I dare say our society will not be the less agreeable, because you owe your introduction to yourself alone."

He was about to reply, when Don Luis, who had left the circle some time before, returned to it, and put a stop to the conversations going on, general as well as particular, by an exclamation of "Señoras, I have glorious news for you—Who knows Isabella Parado?"

"Rather ask who does not know her," said a lady.

"Then it will be unnecessary to give a

particular description of her; but, all fat and foolish as she is, she has fixed herself so deeply in the affections of a chivalrous Englishman, that, pitying her captivity in the arms of a tyrant husband, who was cruel enough to restrict the number of her cortejos* to one only, he has relieved her from such durance vile, and carried her off on board a ship, in which he only waits for leave of absence from his General to waft her to the shores of England."

An exclamation of merry surprise followed the communication of this news.

"It cannot be the Captain who was quartered in her house," said one of the party; "for it has long been well known that he was upon such a footing in the family, as must prevent the necessity of such an absurd *éclat*; and if he has found a rival in

* *Cortejo*, in its full signification, means one who pays court to a lady—a lover; but custom seems to have given it the more confined sense of the admirer of a married woman.

one of his countrymen, it argues ill for the taste of his nation."

"I rather think that it argues ill of the attractions of his own countrywoman, so famed for beauty," said another.

"No, ladies," said Don Luis, "this circumstance gives no ground for argument at all; for it is the self-same Paris who, not satisfied with sharing his happiness and his Helen with a Menelaus, has borne her away. But this Helen is not likely to be the cause of another ten years' war; for Parado must be too happy to find himself left quietly in the possession of a large fortune, without the incumbrance of a large wife."

"Rejoice!" exclaimed Dolores, "all ye maidens hopeless of husbands, and ye matrons hopeless of cortejos! The English are among us, who will be proud of your smiles, when politeness and interest both fail to produce even a compliment from the repugnant taste of a Castillian."

"Gently, gently," said one of her companions; "such remarks may be considered personal by some not very distant. In our hostess's present mind, it is neither very safe, nor very polite, to abuse the English."

"Whether unsafe or impolite, it must be confessed that hers is exactly one of the situations I was apostrophizing," said Dolores.

It was a lamentable truth, that her remark was very applicable to the mistress of the mansion in which this conversation took place. Doña Maria de Alava had been married, like very many others of her countrywomen, because her relations considered it convenient. Her husband was a merchant who had amassed great wealth, and who cared not at what rate he gratified his passions and his wishes. His marriage was a contract which he had entered into at a time when it served his purpose, and because he considered a wife necessary to complete an establishment. But he looked upon her in no other light, and considered

himself as little responsible to her, as to his major-domo, for an account of his actions. His idea of justice, and the example of thousands who surrounded him, induced him to be as little inquisitive into the conduct of his wife as he wished her to be into his; and thus a kind of tacit but well-understood compact existed between them, which gave perfect and unrestrained freedom to both. A singular instance of this kind at Cadiz might have appeared strange, but it would have been more strange to remark it as singular. Mariquita, on her part, did not neglect to make full use of the liberty with which she was blessed; but unfortunately her person and her inclinations were so ill assorted, that the former contributed little to the attainment of gratification to the latter. Her soul was endowed with more than its proportionate share of the spark which erst gave warmth to the daughters of Gades; but her person possessed none of the grace or beauty for which they were so celebrated; and the deficiency of

her exterior attractions was so great, that Doña Dolores's satire was literally true: neither politeness nor interest were inducements strong enough to counteract the impression made by her want of beauty; and the list of her cortejos was seldom swelled by any Castillian name. It was for her a joyous day, when an English army joined the garrison which defended Cadiz. Its officers, unacquainted with the Spanish society and manners, would, she supposed, rejoice in the opportunity of an intrigue with a woman of fortune, and whose house was the resort of the most fashionable company attending the Court, at that time fixed there. But still her defect of personal charms was a great obstacle in her way, and few were the candidates for her favour, as we may judge by the choice which she made from among them; a selection which nothing but necessity could have induced her to make; for Mr. Marshall was neither young nor handsome, and his stature, far from being noble and commanding,

gave him, when by the side of his patroness, very much the appearance of Tom Thumb in attendance upon Princess Huncamunca. Every year that had passed over his head had left intelligibly the trace of its footstep there, the too violent pressure of which crushed the produce of the soil, never more to rise; for, though not many years past thirty, his head possessed fewer hairs than most men at sixty, and the total baldness on the crown of it seemed to indicate the premature approach of old age. This gentleman lived in Mariquita's shadow, though, if he had done so in the literal sense, he must have remained in a total and eternal eclipse; so vastly inferior in size was this satellite to the planet which it attended. His regiment was quartered at the Isla de Leon, a town about seven miles from Cadiz; and there, having excused himself from the society of his brother officers at the mess, he entertained the happy Mariquita with the choicest viands and rarest wines, in her frequent and unaccompanied

parties of pleasures, as she called them. Well might the lady advise Doña Dolores to restrain her wit, on such a subject, in such a house; and timely was the advice attended to, for at that moment Mariquita herself approached, casting her *shadow* behind her.

The conversation which followed excited more gaiety in the circle than the report of it would do in the reader. Flashes of wit and shafts of satire darted around. The Spanish language is peculiarly adapted to conversation, which is seldom carried on by persons of different sexes without exciting peculiar sensations of pleasure; but this is often occasioned more by the formation of the language than by the ideas which it conveys. A Spanish lady's wit not unfrequently consists entirely in the quaintness of the phrases she uses, and the manner of adapting common sayings; and depends in a great measure upon new formations of odd words, and the augmentatives and diminutives in which the

language is so very rich. Satire and ridicule so clothed seldom fail to excite merriment; and the consequence is, that after passing a most agreeable evening in a Spanish tertulia, and been much amused at the conversation in which it has been occupied, when retired to your home, you will often find it difficult to remember the subject of the mirth which has been excited; or, if remembered, it will be still more difficult to recognize it as the cause of laughter.

Before the tertulia broke up, Don Felix discovered that he had taken the seat which had been in the occupation of his friend Don Luis, and which had remained empty during his absence from the group, partly from the circumstance of Doña Dolores not having left sufficient room for another occupier, by falling into a reclining posture, but; more particularly because the surrounding cavaliers seemed to consider it, from its vicinity to the fair Dolores, as the exclusive right of Don Luis. Don Luis, on

his return, seemed annoyed that it had been taken by his friend; but this feeling was only observable in a glance at the sharer of the couch. Dolores paid attention to Don Felix during the rest of the evening; and upon leaving the room she did not fail to put him in mind of the Thursday tertulias, upon which he promised attendance.

"How long have you know Dolores Morales?" said Don Luis, as the two riends walked home together.

"I have met her once or twice lately; but have never conversed with her particularly until this evening. We once waltzed together; but it was at a time that she seemed to be so particularly the friend of Castelo, that I perceived I was only acting as his foil, and therefore I cared not that our acquaintance should take root."

"She is a notorious coquette," said Don Luis, "and is more fickle than the rest of her sex combined.—Avoid her, Felix, for she has talents and beauty that would

entangle your affections if they were free, or estrange the most constant heart from the love it had chosen."

"Rather, Luis, be candid, and tell me that you wish me not to enter a path on which you have journeyed so far, lest being too narrow for both, we jostle on the way. Say that you love Dolores, and I will refuse the offer of the intimacy which, by her conduct this evening, she has made me."

"I love no woman, Felix; but I like them all, and I prefer some to others. Dolores is a brilliant which would not disgrace my finger; and I intend to place it there: but the possession of it would lose half its charms if attained without contest; and with me love-talk to a mistress soon flags, and wants the spirit and excitement which the presence of a rival gives it.—Though but one can win the race, all may start for it."

"You know the state of my heart," said Don Felix; "and therefore cannot look upon me as a dangerous rival. Do not

hate me if I sometimes relieve you of the task of flattering Dolores; but fear not, for I shall go no farther."

The friends separated at the door of Don Felix's house;—he lodged upon the third floor of a house in the Calle * de San Servando; which looks over the wall of Cadiz, just where it joins the Alameda, and is nearly opposite the fort of Santa Catalina, on the other side of the bay.

He sat down in his balcony. It was a sultry, but beautiful night. The moon had not long sunk, and her silver radiance yet extended high up the blue vault of heaven, dimming the brilliancy of the stars, and paling the blue, which gradually grew darker and darker as the eye ascended towards the zenith, and was beautifully contrasted with the deep dark blue, and brilliantly beaming stars, of the opposite side. The colour of the still bay seemed to assimilate itself with that of the

* *Calle* is the Spanish for street.

surrounding heaven, and, as it stretched out into the Atlantic, appeared the base which supported this magnificent cupola. All was silent as Felix looked upon this scene, excepting the occasional murmur of the water gently breaking against the enormous walls of the town, when sometimes the ripple grew into a wavelet, and the hum of conversation proceeding from four or five soldiers, who had been attracted by the fineness of the night to bear their comrade, the sentry, company, as he paced before the cannon which are mounted at the commencement of the wall. While Felix was looking down upon this group, another soldier joined them, bringing a guitar: the whole party assembled round a cannon, on the carriage of which he seated himself, and after preluding on the instrument, he sang a patriotic song, very popular at the time. They were the volunteers of the city, (3) most of whom were persons in a situation of life which allowed them some time to cultivate their natural

talents for relaxation or amusement. The one who now sung possessed a clear melodious voice, which he managed with much taste, accompanying himself with considerable skill. The song was as follows: (4)—

Iberia, o'er thy mountains
   The tyrant's hosts appear,
To tinge with blood thy fountains,
   And run their fell career.
In vain! for Justice rears the sword
   By dauntless Freedom given;
And, Spain, thy rallying word
   Ascends in shouts to Heaven.

CHORUS.

Shout the song of battle,
   Death to Napoleon!
Shout, shout midst war's dread rattle,
   The country and the throne.

Though thousand swords disclose him
   A dread but glorious grave;
Though thousand spears oppose him,
   The patriot still is brave.
With fatal blow to blow replying,
   His death his country's life,

He falls; but falls while crying,
  " War even to the knife."

CHORUS.

Shout, shout the song of battle,
  Death to Napoleon!
Shout, shout midst war's dread rattle,
  The country and the throne.

## CHAPTER II.

Gallegos.—Felix Alvarez.—Luis Mosquera.—Dissipation at Madrid.—Insurrection of the 2d May.

DURING the siege of Cadiz, and at the period of it in which the circumstances detailed in the former chapter took place, its population was increased to more than double the number at which it was estimated at other times. The different stories of its houses, each of which, in those of a secondary class, forms a separate habitation, were crowded with lodgers of every description: the native occupiers reducing the scale of their domestic establishment to allow room to receive the foreign ones; and at night the *casapuertas*, or open porches, with which the houses are furnished, were the receptacles of hundreds

of hardy Gallicians, who, wrapt up in their cloaks, there found beds, the hardness of which had little effect in disturbing the repose of nights following days of such extraordinary labour as that which the Gallegos undergo. (5)

Don Felix Alvarez de Cavallero was one of those whom the circumstances of the revolution had brought within the walls of Cadiz. To trace these circumstances as they regard himself, we must go back into his domestic history. His family was noble, and his ancestors, at no very distant period, had worn the golden key. (6) His father was the only child of a younger son of the family of Cavallero; whose expensive habits but ill accorded with his small fortune, and who had married the daughter of a merchant to replenish his exhausted coffers. A few months after his marriage he fell a victim to his passion for gaming, and his irritable temper. He was killed in a duel, caused by a quarrel at play. Don José, the father of Felix, thus an orphan

before his birth, had the additional misfor tune of causing the death of his mother; who ceased to live at the moment that she gave him life. Her father took the child, and adopted him for his own: he gave him the education of a merchant, and promised to supply him with the means of turning that education to account. At an early age, he sent him to the Havannah; and the old man dying some time after José's departure from his native country, bequeathed to him a sum of money sufficiently large to open a splendid prospect, had he chosen to follow the example of his grandfather, and to push his fortune in commerce; but Don José was naturally of a melancholy and unambitious disposition: he coveted not riches; he asked only for independence; and his grandfather's will afforded him the means of living with comfort, though not in affluence, in his native country. He therefore returned to Spain, and fixed his residence near Truxillo in Estremadura, to which place an

early affection had attached him. He married; and having purchased some land, upon which stood a handsome Quinta, in that beautiful valley of the Tagus, on the descent from Truxillo to the bridge of Almaraz, he lived in the undisturbed calm of a farmer's life. His domestic happiness was increased by the births of a son and a daughter, Felix and Albertina; and in the developement of their minds, and the occupations of his farm, which he managed himself, he passed down the stream of time, meeting with fewer shallows than generally impede the voyage of life. This calm was ruffled about ten years after the birth of his daughter, by a severe trial indeed—the loss of his wife. She left him the charge of tending the education of her children; and it was his greatest delight to fulfil the trust. After some time, Felix was sent to Toledo, from thence to Salamanca; and Don José was then left to seek his happiness in forming the mind of his daughter Albertina.

At Salamanca, Felix pursued his studies with attention. He had a mind that thirsted after knowledge, and was endowed with natural talents which enabled him rapidly to attain it; but he was not blessed with that persevering spirit which alone enables a man to acquire great eminence in whatever he undertakes. Brilliant success, and a too rapid progress in the commencement of a career, are often apt to make us think lightly of the difficulties which remain to be encountered. As we relax in the exertions which produced our first success, we frequently content ourselves with remaining on the road short of the end originally proposed; which is nevertheless attained by less promising genius, if endowed with the talent of persevering. It is therefore not surprising that Felix, with an ardent desire to know every thing well, should find himself, in his twentieth year, not very deeply learned in any thing. He possessed, however, a greater degree of general knowledge than falls to the lot of most

man. His gaiety, spirits, and refined manners, rendered him beloved and sought after in society; and this had given him an early taste for the pleasures of society, to which may be attributed the want of steadiness, that prevented him from more perseveringly pursuing the deeper studies. He drank of the waters of the Tormes for pleasure.* From the attention which his lively and polished manners gained him from the female part of society in his early years, when impressions are formed, which afterwards become characteristic, he derived a susceptibility of feeling, which gave a colour to the whole of his life. A man in Felix's situation, whose mind was not so well regulated, or whose principles were less firm, would have degenerated into an insignificant coxcomb. Felix escaped this Scylla; but the Charybdis which opened to ingulf him was attended with

* *Haber bebido del agua del Tormes*—"To have drunk of the waters of the Tormes," is a common Spanish expression for a learned man.

more dangerous consequences to himself. Loveliness in woman had for him so powerful a charm, that it took possession of his mind by assault, without asking permission of reason, who stood sentry at the entrance. Yet although his mind was thus frequently agitated, his heart was in the right place. Guided by the highest principles of honour, it was open to the best feelings of nature; and although the baneful influence of example induced him to fall into many of the follies which the manners of the age appeared almost to sanction, he carefully avoided those in which he detected any moral turpitude.

Among the companions of his studies and his amusements, he had insensibly become particularly intimate with Don Luis de Mosquera. Don Luis was his senior by five or six years: his manners were pleasing, and his talents of a superior order; but although a close friendship seemed to exist between them in all the forms and outward appearances, Felix did

not feel that peculiar affection which alone deserves the name of friendship, and which must take its growth from esteem and respect. There were many parts of Luis's conduct which Felix did not approve, yet no fault of sufficient magnitude to induce him to consider him as a vicious character; and a congeniality of feelings, on some points, drew them together. Whether it arose from this, or was simply the effect of circumstances, there was nobody with whom Felix was so closely allied as Luis; and had he been asked who was the friend he cherished the most, he would have named Mosquera.

In their intercourse at Salamanca, nothing occurred sufficiently to develope to Don Felix his friend's mind and character; and he was contented to take that for good coin, which passed with the rest of the world, and in which he could not discover the alloy. But Don Luis was not the friend Don Felix would have chosen, could he have read his heart. In early

age no care had been taken to implant the seeds of good principles in his mind, or erect barriers of virtue, and the tempter of mankind is too watchful to pass by one unguarded avenue, without entering the mansion of the soul. The spring of all his actions was bad. With the appearance of the greatest disinterestedness, his only object was self. His talents were good, but they only rendered him the greater hypocrite. Of a designing disposition, he anticipated much good that might result to himself from a connexion with Don Felix; and he therefore determined to cultivate it. The scanty allowance which he derived from the precarious bounty of an extravagant mother enabled him with difficulty to keep up an appearance at Salamanca; but by establishing himself in the place he had obtained in Felix's mind, and by becoming necessary to him, he foresaw a resource when his mother's inability or negligence should deprive him of the means of continuing the

career of pleasure, which was the only one that he allowed his mind to follow. Idleness, rather than application, kept him at the university. He ardently longed to enter the larger field for the gratification of his passions and habits, which the capital offered to him, and was only prevented from leaving Salamanca by his consciousness of the impossibility of plunging into the pleasures of Madrid, without other resources than his uncertain allowance. It had therefore long been his aim to induce Felix to obtain from his father permission to close his studies, and to complete his education by passing a twelvemonth in Madrid. Felix's application to his father was made with the warmth which his own desire to see the world prompted, and was attended with success. A considerable sum of money was placed in a banker's hands for his use; and he left Salamanca accompanied by his friend Don Luis.

It was at Madrid that Don Felix developed the effects of that susceptibility which

early impression had instilled into his character. Had he fallen into proper society, this failing of his heart might perhaps have been turned to the account of his happiness; but amongst the females who frequented the house of Doña Maria de los Mercedes de Mosquera,* the mother of Don Luis, his weakness was likely to render him the victim of avarice and artfulness. Doña Mercedes had been an actress, and the mistress of Don Felipe de Mosquera; who at an advanced age, and in his dotage, was imposed upon to believe that he was the father of a child; and in the tenderness into which he was cheated by this belief, he married her in time to legitimate the boy Luis. Contrary to her hopes and expectations, year after year, to the number of eighteen, rolled over Don Felipe's head; nor can it be positively ascertained whether her patience was not exhausted, and she was obliged to anticipate the visit of the angel of death, or

* See Note 3.

whether he was brought by time to do his destined work. The old man died suddenly, when, becoming a widow, she found herself mistress of all his property, a succession with which she took care to be previously acquainted. She seemed to be as careless of the reputation of the noble name which she had thus acquired, as the public had formerly been of the plebeian one which she had borne; for she had been so very generally designated by the title of *Mercedes, la Buena Moza,** that the name of

* Actresses on the principal stages in Spain are frequently designated by nick-names arising from some personal or professional circumstance. Once acquired, the actress is so commonly known by it, that the bills which announce her performance are the only records of her real name; and on making excursions from the principal theatre to provincial ones, actresses are frequently announced to perform by the titles under which they have acquired their fame. *La buena Moza* literally means *the handsome girl;* but being applied by custom to express the unrestrained votaries of Venus, whether handsome or the reverse, it has ceased to be used in good society in its original sense.

her father was unremembered. By the idly extravagant manner in which she squandered the money she had obtained by Don Felipe's death, she seemed in haste to return to her former profession, or rather to return to the public display of her person on a theatre; for in every other respect her manner of living only differed from that of the actresses of Madrid in the greater degree of irregularity, and outrage of all decency and moral feeling, which it exhibited. Her conduct to her son was most unnatural and ungrateful; considering that it was to him that she owed her state of affluence. While wasting large sums in the most absurd luxuries for her own pleasure, she denied him almost the means of subsistence, and received him occasionally at her house merely as a visitor. The only cause that could be discovered for this dislike and cruelty was, that Don Luis was five-and-twenty years old, and bore in his looks incontrovertible proof that it was but the mark of youth in which she daily

dressed herself; a mark which might induce many to under-calculate her years, at least some twelve or fifteen; for though she no longer preserved the bloom of youth, she was an adept in the art of counterfeiting its manners and its feelings.

Don Luis, however, upon his appearance at Madrid from Salamanca, had procured himself a more cordial admittance to his mother's house, by the introduction of a young and fascinating addition to her society, and one whom he took care to represent as overwhelmed with the weight of his purse, and grateful to any who would relieve him from the burden. The character and appearance of Don Felix almost induced Doña Mercedes to take the task of his ruin upon herself; but she was at that moment employed upon a similar work, from which she anticipated equal gratification and profit; she, therefore, though reluctantly, gave him up to the society of congenial characters, of whom her tertulia was the constant resort, and to which a

succession of young men was attracted by every art they could devise.

And with such society did Felix allow himself to mix. The unfortunate weakness in his character rendered his reason nugatory before it had power to act according to its dictate. He was ignorant alike of the manners and dangers of the capital, and unacquainted with the history of Doña Mercedes, and with the rank she held in society. All he knew was, that Rosa de la Peña was lovely, was accomplished, was sentimental: he thought her amiable, and he believed that he had made an impression on her heart. It was upon this member of the *Buena Moza* tertulia, as it was facetiously called by some of the wits of Madrid, that devolved the office reluctlantly relinquished by the priestess of the orgies—the ruin of Don Felix. With the ruin of his principles she was no more concerned than it was necessary to the ruin of his fortune; and she might, perhaps, have felt some scruples at the one, had they not

been overbalanced by the attraction of the other. It was the mask of the most immaculate and delicate virtue which she chose for the purpose of establishing her power over him. She was shocked at the irregularity, not to say immorality, of the present manners. She declared, that she spent a part of every day with her confessor, who, though severe, charmed her by his severity. And having advanced some way on her plan to possess his affections, she assumed a habit of coarse grey cloth, (7) which was, however, becomingly made; artfully giving him to understand, that this penance was imposed upon her for a certain time by her confessor, in consequence of the confession, that her feelings for him had induced her to neglect her duty in some point of religious discipline.

It was by means such as these that she gave him an exalted opinion of her character; and by awakening an idea in his mind that she was fondly attached to him, she excited in him a delirium of passion

which would have carried him to the most extravagant lengths. As her principal aim was upon his fortune, she had tried the gaming-table as one means of coming at his purse, and had failed, his dislike to gaming being so early manifested, that she relinquished that point of attack, and commenced another, which succeeded better. She levied contributions on him by means of the charitable feelings which she discovered in his heart. By framing heart-rending stories of distress, which the circumstances of the time rendered peculiarly probable, she found a never-failing resource by which to supply the expenses of her pleasures.

The moment at which Don Felix commenced his career in the dissipation of Madrid was when the blow was preparing, which, when struck, was to raise the war-cry of liberty throughout Spain; when the torch was already lighted that was to rekindle that smothered flame, which, burning in the hearts of all her children,

could only be extinguished by the blood of her oppressors. The arrest of Godoy, and the abdication of Charles IV., had already taken place. Spain was filled with swarms of her enemies, who waited but the signal to destroy her—that signal was near at hand—the royal family had set out upon their ill-fated as ill-advised journey, which ended in the loss of their liberty at Bayonne. It was, therefore, only such beings as those who composed the Buena Moza Tertulia that were not drawn out of the vortex of their usual pleasures and employments, and waited with breathless expectation the thunder-bolt that was ready to fall. The calm which followed the base fetching away of the king from the bosom of his people, was not like the sorrow of a heart which feels the absence of a beloved object, and is soothed by the anticipation of its return; it was the deep feeling of revenge for direst injuries—the unspeakable resentment which could find no tongue but in the cannon's roar; and such a voice did

it find on the glorious 2d of May; yet it could then utter but one short, deep, and memorable curse, and sink back into silence.

The events of that day that saw an unorganized, and almost unarmed people, roused by a sense of their injuries, without premeditation, as if by one instinctive spirit, to fall upon and intimidate the regular and experienced army of their oppressors, can never be forgotten. In spite of the unfortunate immediate consequences, it was the first serious effort of liberty; and the flame, though momentary, electrified all Spain. In the enthusiasm of the moment, not a Spaniard but, with what weapon he could wield, gave vent to the feelings of his heart, and wrote with letters of blood his signature to the bond which connected all Madrid in one vow of vengeance, a bond which levelled all distinction of sex or age by its predominating character: all were Spaniards and all, men and women, old

and young, stretched forth their arms to avenge Spain.

Felix's mind had been almost entirely occupied by his own situation with Rosa; and so completely was it engrossed by it, that he was scarcely sensible of the spark of patriotism latent in his heart. But he was roused by this blaze; and he felt all the sensations of an enthusiastic love of his country more vividly as they came upon him more suddenly. His feelings were also heightened by a degree of shame, when he found from what a profound slumber he was roused; and his mind, deeply tinctured with romance, anticipated, from the noble burst by which he was awakened, a chivalrous repulse of threatened slavery, by the total annihilation of the armies of France in Spain. Such were his thoughts on the morning of the 2d of May. Assisting them with heart and hand, he encouraged the populace, and he set them an example. Whilst thus employed,

a musket-ball passed through his arm; and, as he was falling, a second wounded him on the head, and deprived him of his senses. He fell amidst a heap of his countrymen.

On the night which followed that dreadful day, the inhabitants of a house in the Calle de Toledo, where Felix had fallen, having observed from their windows that he was but wounded, and that he showed signs of life, ventured into the street to endeavour to save him, in defiance of the numerous patroles of French soldiery which paraded through the town the whole of the night, putting to death all whom they met. Their kindness and attention restored him to life, though not to reason; and the wound in his head occasioned a delirium which lasted two months. They had procured medical assistance for him; and at the end of that time the wound in his arm was fast healing; and the more dangerous one in his head assumed an appearance that afforded the hope of his perfect restoration,

which the kind Arroyos and his family had long ceased to entertain. Señor Arroyos, who had thus rescued him from certain death, was a respectable and eminent bookseller, whose means were sufficient to prevent the idea of expense from disturbing the sensation of pleasure which he felt on being able to afford such important assistance to a fellow-creature. It was not till the period when Felix's reason returned that his rescuers were enabled to inform themselves of his name and family, and to communicate to Don José the fate of his son. Since the 2d of May his anxiety had increased to agony, as he doubted not that his son had become an actor in the dreadful tragedy performed that day; and he could as little doubt, that, after such extraordinary circumstances, he would have written to him had he survived it. Arroyos's messenger filled his heart with joy. Although much was to be feared from the state of circumstances throughout Spain, he hesitated not to leave Albertina in the

charge of a family at Truxillo, while he himself undertook a journey to Madrid. With the most grateful acknowledgement of the invaluable service which he had rendered to his family, Don José endeavoured to press upon Arroyos a remuneration for the expenses and trouble which his generosity had brought upon him, but without success. Felix, who, though his reason returned only at intervals, was considered able to travel, and was carried to his father's house. But there, even with the fond attention and anxiety of a father and sister, it required a period of nearly two years to restore him to that perfect state of mind of which his wound had deprived him.

As he began to regain his health and reason, his mind reverted to the objects that formerly occupied it; and from the contemplation of which it had been so suddenly torn. In his short intervals of reason at Madrid, he entreated Arroyos to obtain information of the situation of Rosa, and to seek out Don Luis for him. The good

old man, who saw from the warmth of his manner, and gathered from the ravings of his delirium, the degree of interest he took in the fate of these persons, withheld from him the result of his inquiries, from the fear of retarding the progress of his recovery. Of Don Luis he could hear nothing; but Doña Mercedes' house had become a receptacle for the French officers, with whom Madrid was filled; and whilst other persons shut themselves from all society, or met only by stealth to deplore the progress of the overwhelming torrent, her saloons became more crowded and more brilliant than ever. Rosa was a radiant star in this constellation, and figured in the new scene which opened itself with more *éclat* as with less shame. Felix, therefore, left Madrid, supposing her to have become the victim of her constancy to her country and to him.

The growing power of the French in Spain had now risen to such a height as to stamp every inactive Spaniard with the

character of infamy and treason. Seville had just been occupied by the invaders, and the government and hope of Spain were driven within the walls of Cadiz. Don José determined to await, almost hopelessly, the eventful issue of the now general war, with his beloved Albertina, upon their farm, which had hitherto only been subject to pecuniary contributions; but he made up his mind to the loss of the protection and society of his son, which he considered a necessary sacrifice to his country. Whilst Felix was wavering between different plans for the employment of his sword in his country's cause, he received a letter from his friend Mosquera, who had found means of forwarding it to him from Cadiz. After congratulating him on his escape, of which he had accidentally heard, he urged him to join him without loss of time, that they might together enter the army, in which he professed himself to have considerable interest. This letter decided his conduct at once; the more so, as he flattered himself

into a hope that Rosa, whose image haunted him night and day, might still live for him, although her name was not mentioned in the letter. At all events, he had little doubt that he should learn her fate with certainty from Mosquera; and independent entirely of this, the prospect of his entering with advantage a career in which he would be serviceable to his country, was sufficient to determine him. With his head filled with the dreams of a romantic imagination, and the smiling pictures of hope, he set out from the Quinta de la Vistosa, his father's residence, on his journey to Lisbon, where he embarked in an English ship, and arrived without accident at Cadiz.

Upon his arrival he lost no time in finding out Mosquera, who received him with the apparent warmth of friendship. Luis either would not or could not give him any information of the undeserving object of his affection. As long as he remained in doubt, he allowed his mind to cherish the smiling pictures of his fancy, and the

dreams of every succeeding day heightened their glowing colours. He found his friend deeply engaged in all the dissipation of Cadiz; a dissipation which was rather heightened than diminished by the situation of the town at the time. The presence of a besieging army, though it shut the gates of the Isla de Leon, and prevented the communication with the opposite side of the bay, had little or no effect upon the markets, and increased the activity of their commerce. The Court, the army, foreign as well as national, and the immense influx of all sorts of people which they attracted, rather excited to amusement by their extensive combination, than deterred from it by reflection on the causes of their being thus combined: therefore, at no time was Cadiz more gay, more busy, or more fascinating to an enthusiastic young man, than at the moment at which Alvarez became one of its inhabitants. Week after week, month after month, rolled on with him in the continued round

of pleasure in which Mosquera artfully contrived that he should move; and as the motion of the earth is unperceived, from the want of any single stationary object close enough to strike the senses by comparison, Alvarez followed where all moved with the same rapidity in the same path, without perceiving his course, or the time which glided imperceptibly by him. Much conversation passed between the friends on the subject of their joint plans, but no steps were taken in consequence; and Mosquera, whose aim was very different from that he pretended to Alvarez, managed to produce such plausible reasons for the delay, that they satisfied him; whilst, between the occupation of pleasure and the indulgence of his imagination in romantic day dreams, he found no time to inquire into the probability of the causes assigned by his friend. It was in this situation that we left him in the former chapter.

## CHAP. III.

Tertulia Sets.—Saints' Day.—Void Offers of Civility. —Licensed indelicate Phrases.—Exclamatory Oaths among Ladies.—The Statue of Hercules. Azoteas and Torres.—Night Scene of Shells thrown from each Side by the Besiegers and the Besieged.

FELIX'S circle of acquaintance daily enlarged, and his choice was nightly embarrassed as to the tertulia in which he should search for the phantom, pursued throughout Cadiz, Pleasure. It was in vain that he sought to confine himself to a particular set; for the tertulias of a certain number of families are generally linked together, being held successively at one another's houses. Within the circle thus formed, a young man, devoted to the service of any particular lady of the *set*, may

venture to visit without giving umbrage; but step out of it, pay a casual visit at the tertulia of a new acquaintance, and you subject yourself to the raillery of the general circle, and the frowns of the particular link by which you are immediately connected with it.

Felix had become thus connected with a *set*, the most common rendezvous of which was the tertulia of Doña Margarita de Smith, and his point of attraction for the time being was Doña Antonia, her daughter. The master of the house, Don Carlos Smith, was an Irishman by birth; but being established as a merchant in Cadiz, and wishing to carry his commerce to Spanish America, he had become a naturalized Spaniard, none but Spaniards being allowed to trade with the continent of New Spain. The tertulia at his house was much resorted to by the British officers, and a great deal of the conversation was carried on in the English language, with which Antonia his daughter was well ac-

quainted; but his wife, Doña Margarita, having applied herself to the study of it after her marriage, and not having had many opportunities of conversing in it before the siege of Cadiz, spoke it but imperfectly: she managed, however, to make herself understood by such of her guests as could not converse with her in her own language, by expressing herself in literal translations of her Spanish with all its idioms.

On her saint's day a more than common concourse of her friends and acquaintances crowded her tertulia *para dar los dias*, that is, to compliment her on the anniversary of her fête. The remembrance of the birth-day is entirely dropped in Spain, and all the civilities and ceremonies with which the anniversary of that epoch is celebrated in England are offered on the day of the saint whose name you bear. A great advantage is gained by this, particularly to unmarried ladies, who are approaching that period when, as the Spaniards express it,

the duty of *dressing the images of the saints* * will devolve upon them: for the anniversary of the birth-day may be considered as an annual reckoning with time, and is often attended with an inquiry into his account; but as the saint's day is unconnected with the idea of birth, nobody thinks of asking how many saint's days such a lady has passed.

Doña Margarita was dressed for the occasion; all the treasures of her wardrobe were displayed upon her person, and that most necessary article of dress, the fan, was not the least valuable part of her decorations. Amongst her company there was an English lady, the wife of an officer of rank, who had lately joined the garrison; and to this lady the mistress of the house paid particular attention, by placing her at her side, and attempting to converse with her: but as conversation in bad broken

* *Quedarse para vestir imagenes* is a proverbial expression in Spanish, synonymous to our *Leading apes in hell.*

English could not be easily carried on beyond simple questions and monosyllabic answers, Mrs. Alison soon found the common subjects exhausted; and in her endeavour to keep up the colloquial shuttlecock, she remarked the extraordinary beauty and curious workmanship of Doña Margarita's fan. Every nation has its peculiar customs, which, however extraordinary or ridiculous they may appear to foreigners, are necessarily and habitually complied with by the natives of the country where they are adopted: and there is one in Spain which obliges every well-bred person, when any thing belonging to him is praised by another in his presence, to say immediately that the thing, whatever it may be, is very much at his service. Any body deficient in this act of politeness would be considered as rude as one who neglected to answer a civil bow, and if done pointedly, the neglect would be taken as seriously by the offended party: the necessary answer to this civil offer, *Está*

*mui bien empleado*, "It is in very good hands," follows as naturally as "Very well, I thank you," to "How do you do," and ends this customary ceremony of exterior politeness. Influenced by habit, and in compliance with this national expression of civility, Doña Margarita assured Mrs. Alison that the fan was very much at her service, in language more forcible than was necessary, from her ignorance of the idiom she was using; and after a gentle refusal of acceptance, followed by a few polite bows from the donor, Mrs. Alison conceived that this was a customary trait of politeness and generosity in the Spanish character, and that she should offend by not admitting it. She therefore retained the fan, to the astonishment and dismay of Doña Margarita, and was loud in expression of her grateful sense of the obligation and attention.

This circumstance attracted the attention, and excited the mirth, of all the ladies around the mistress of the house. "*Cara-*

*coles!*" said one, "she has accepted it." A young Englishman turned round, surprised at the extraordinary exclamation with which this lady commenced her speech. The pronunciation of the word, although innocent in itself, approached very near to that of a most indecent oath, with which the Spaniards commonly interlard their conversation when ladies are not present; and a slight pause in the middle of the word alarmed the hearer as to the manner in which she would end it, and rendered the similarity still more striking.

"Didn't that lady swear, Sir?" said the young Englishman in very good Spanish, addressing Alvarez as he was standing near him.

"Oh, Sir!" replied Felix, "you must not be astonished at the near approach to a vulgar oath, which you will find in the mouth of some of our ladies: however indelicate, nay, indecent in itself, the expression may be, the habit which young people acquire, of introducing exclamations

into their conversation, without attaching ideas to them at all, excuses that lady from the charge of impropriety of language. I am sure that she would be much disconcerted and seriously offended if any man were brute enough to make use of the oath in her presence; although she scruples not to employ what appears to be, and is, an imitation of it."

"You account for it," said the Englishman, "in a manner which is hardly defensible; for no woman can be ignorant of the expression to which it refers, which must too often strike their ears from the frequent repetition of it by all classes of people; and any woman must be totally devoid of delicacy who, knowing it, could allow herself to create such an idea in the mind of her hearers. It is upon the same principle as that upon which ladies introduce such expressions as these into their conversation, that they also make up their minds to talk openly of the formation of their persons, under the names of *pa-*

*triotismo* and *entusiasmo* (8) (patriotism and enthusiasm), which they could not with delicacy designate by less equivocal ones."

Felix smiled, and acknowledged the indelicacy of the terms.

"I have observed another licence in conversation," continued his companion, "which is very general, and which I cannot conceive how the young ladies reconcile with their reverence for the Deity, or for our Saviour, the precepts of whose religion they adhere to with such enthusiastic devotion. JESUS is the common exclamation by which they give force to what they say, and express all the different emotions of their mind, whether surprise, grief, joy, or any other. It is the universal accompaniment of their expressions of anger, often foolishly and wickedly provoked; and such general want of reverence is attached to this sacred name, that it is mixed even in their common songs,

sometimes of the most ludicrous, and sometimes of the most licentious kind."

Felix was too much struck with the justice of these remarks, to attempt to controvert the truth of them; he, however, was trying to palliate the conduct of his countrywomen, by stating the complete thoughtlessness with which they made such frequent use of the Saviour's name, when he was interrupted by a call of silence from the master of the house, that attention might be given to the reading of a poem which had been the subject of conversation during Felix's discussion with the English officer. As they were unacquainted with the subject, it was explained to them, that walking that evening on the Alameda, the conversation turned upon the statue of Hercules at the end of it; and as a general ignorance seemed to prevail among the walking party as to the origin of the statue, an English gentleman present had offered to bring a solution of all their doubts

respecting it in the form of a Hudibrastic poem, written by an officer in the garrison. He had now performed his promise; and as the greater number of the persons composing the tertulia were English, or those who understood the language, it was proposed that it should be read aloud; which proposal being agreed to, the officer who brought it began as follows:

THE STATUE ON THE ALAMEDA, OR HERCULES REVENGED.

"After the destruction of the monster Geryon by Hercules on the island of Gades, the city was built, and the inhabitants were peculiarly devoted to the worship of the god who had relieved the island from this scourge, under the name of Gaditanus. The Temple of Hercules, or Gaditanus, at Cadiz, was one of the most magnificent in the world; and in it all his labours were recorded in most curious workmanship.

Women and pigs were forbidden to enter into this temple. A statue of Hercules at present stands surrounded by a fountain on the Alameda."

When 'gainst the gods men plotted treason,
And gave their minds to truth and reason,
Spite of Jove's thunder and his vanity
Prevail'd the power of Christianity.
The saints on earth thought fit to move 'em,
And from Olympus fairly drove 'em:
Then, kick'd from Ida's top unmannerly,
Torn on the ground Jove's mighty standard lay;
Each god was sent about his business
Without a spot to say that his'n is:
There was among them such a bother,
Some went one way, some went another:
To poor old Jove they were least civil,
And pack'd him off at once to the devil.
The beating got, each pagan deity
Fled 'cause he could not bear to see it! eh?
Each took the road that chance directed,
Or where he welcome most expected.'
Great Hercules, the god of might,
Who show'd his teeth, but could not bite,
With some sense left took wit in his anger,
And swung his club, which was a banger,

And finding no more war to wage,
He straight began his pilgrimage;
He stopp'd at Calpe (Gibraltar),
Looking as if he'd his neck in a halter;
And knocking about from pillar to post,
At length he reach'd his greatest boast,
That famous temple built at Gades,
Where never enter'd pigs or ladies.
As at the gate of the town he lingers
Says he, "I'm safe," and snapp'd his fingers:
"Christians, this spot I need not fear you on,
'Twas here I licked that rascal Geryon;
And find me such another monster,
I'll fight him; but from hence I won't stir!"
With monstrous melancholy paces
He strode along the squares and places,
Consol'd e'en that the sainted malice
Had left him where to fix his palace;
When walking up a certain street
St. Anthony * he chanced to meet.
(St. Anthony, I should have told you,
In Christian ranks had served a soldier,
Where Fame reports that he did circle his
Arms about the aforesaid Hercules
With Ave Marias and Pater-nost,
And holy breast with thumb well cross'd;

St. Anthony is the patron saint of Cadiz.

Spite of his strength gave him a licking,
And sent him from Olympus kicking.)
Rage filled the god when he espied him,
And thus with words he stoutly plied him:
" Dar'st thou stand up, thou Christian worm a-
gainst my strength on terra firma?
What though by help of holy fire, ah!
Worse than the shirt of Dejanira,
With all the powers superior backing
You sent me out of heaven packing,
And while you magic prayers did mumble,
I almost broke my neck o' the tumble,
Think'st thou, vile Christian, that I fear you here?
On earth my strength is still superior."
The holy saint, the words scarce muttered,
Twelve Ave Marias loudly muttered;
And making crosses four-and-forty,
Began thus mildly to retort he:
" Thou bastard son of fallen Jupiter,
Fire your gun, and hoist your Blue Peter; *
That none of your vile crew may haunt any
Place that belongs to me St. Anthony.
For know, for honours crowding thick,
When Christians pitched you to Old Nick,

* A single gun, with a flag called a Blue Peter at the main, is the signal from the commodore ship for a convoy to get under sail.

I am rewarded with this city,
And on the Pagans taking pity,
To save their souls from your vile trap, hell,
Here I have built my church or chapel;
Therefore your power I do defy, Sir;"
The raging god exclaims, "You lie, Sir!"
"What, give the lie to me, a saint!
Avenge me, Heaven, and hear my plaint:
Grant that this god of flesh and bone
Be henceforth turned into a stone;
Fixed hand and foot, a marble statue;
So, Master Strong-fist, here's have at you."
Then souse into the heathen's eye
Some holy water he let fly.
The God, though strong, began to find,
'Spite of his strength, he grew stone-blind.
His mouth, that just began to let off
A few kind blasts by way of set off,
Stopp'd in its course, while just beginning,
Was firmly fixed a furious grin in;
In short, from his head to the point of his toe,
A marble statue all did grow:
And now amidst a wat'ry circle is
A perfect model of great Hercules.
The Saint delighted to have beaten
One who his saintship could have eaten,
And thought him just as pretty picking
As if he eat a roasted chicken,

Ran round the town, Vitoria singing,
And set the bells most loudly ringing.
Now it so chanced his godship Cupid,
Whose wings with flying rather drooped,
In hopes to rest his weary pinion,
And beg some bread and cheese, and an onion;
For now he thought not of ambrosia
(E'en gods can beg when full of woes they are),
Perched on that fist, that once with ease,
Crack'd skulls of monsters just like fleas.
" Ah! Uncle Herckey, is that you?
I'm glad to see you; how d'ye do?
This road I'm lucky to have taken
When I flew off to save my bacon:
Talking of bacon, as I vow,
I'd like to have a rasher now:
But I forgot, that here your prigs
Of priests have shut your doors to pigs;
Well, as to eating, I'm no stickler,
Come what, come may, I'm not particular.
The stone to speak was nothing loath,
And tried to splutter out an oath;
The embryo words still more provok'd him,
Stuck in his throat, and almost chok'd him.
Cupid, who saw his strange grimace,
Burst out a laughing in his face;
But taking pity on his trouble,
With his dart's point let out the bubble

That rolling in his stone-clos'd mouth
Sought but a hole to issue forth:
For Love to marble can give breath,
And make you speak in spite of your teeth;
Oaths came out, rushing by the volley,
And wishes formed of rage and folly;
But Cupid is a clever urchin,
And finds out reason without searching;
So, though the words came pitter patter,
He managed to collect the matter;
Found how St. Anthony cajol'd him;
So thus the little god consol'd him:
" Ah, never mind, that he did you nick,
'Twas worse when you put on the tunic;
But I'll revenge you on this people,
That let him here stick up his steeple,
And turn you out of such good quarters,
On them, their wives, their sons and daughters:
Let me alone, and you shall see,
You still shall govern here through me;
My power, nor priest nor saint can hinder,
They shut the door, I ope the window.
I've long been dubious where to fix;
Now I'll stop here, I swear by Styx."
(This oath that little Cupid took,
'Twas just as if he'd kiss'd the book.)
" I wish we had the gentle Hebe,
Your pretty spouse—pray where can she be:

If she were here we would not start her
Because she showed above her garter,
As crusty Juno did in a passion;
I'll make such things be here the fashion."
As soon as he had fixed his plan
He turned himself into a fan;
And in this shape young Cupid lingers
At ends of Gaditana's fingers.
His million fans that always move,
Infect the very air with love;
Flack but the fan when you perspire,
Each puff adds fuel to the fire.
Hidden he rules at every turn,
In every house his altars burn,
To laugh in poor St. Anthony's face
He makes his church his hiding place,
And every girl that tells her rosary,
Says it by rote, and sidelong throws her eye.
St. Anthony thus keeps his town,
But holds a sceptre not his own;
For not a single living soul
But what is under Love's controul.
The nuns, the monks, the priests, the friars,
And errant knights and errant squires,
And dukes, and duchesses, and donnas,
And people with and without honours,
Merchants, and merchants' clerks, and porters,
And merchants' wives, and merchants' daughters,

'Tis by the self-same spring they move,
Love! love! love! love! love! love! love! love!
Still stands old Gaditanus, made a
Statue in the Alameda:
Sees all the world obey the laws
Of laughing Love, and grins applause.

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While the company were in discussion of the merits and demerits of this poem, a servant entered, and informed them that the French having commenced an attack along the whole line of their batteries, upon the forts which were opposed to them, the sky presented a most beautiful spectacle of flying lights, and recommended such as wished to take the opportunity of seeing it, to repair to the tower. Every house of any consequence in Cadiz is provided with a *torre*, or tower, which, rising from the *azotea*, or flat roof, is carried to a considerable height above it, sometimes exceeding even the height of the house itself. The *azoteas* are generally converted into gardens by the arrangement of a num-

ber of flowers and shrubs in pots; and the torres are the anxious resort of the merchants, who are the principal original inhabitants of Cadiz, from whence they survey the expanse of the ocean, and are able to discover their vessels while yet at a considerable distance. To the summit of the tower on the top of Don Carlos Smith's house, the greater part of the tertulia repaired; for the enormous mortars, which afterwards rendered it dangerous to ascend the torres, were yet unthought of, or existed only in the mind of the inventor. The French were unable to molest the town, but were pouring their shot and shells into the batteries of Puntales, and those which were formed, or forming, in its neighbourhood; while the responsive instruments of death crossed their path, and appeared like glittering stars, now lost, and now again darting, as the fuses alternately presented themselves, and were hid by the turning of the shell. The explosions on either side were dreadful; and

as such of the ladies as had ventured up were either frightened, or affected to be so, by the reports of the cannon which rolled like thunder without any suspension, the whole party soon descended again to the saloon. Gaming commenced, and Alvarez occupied himself in talking to Antonia the rest of the evening.

## CHAP. IV.

**Crowded Promenade.—Female Walking Dress.—The Oraciones. — Ismena Valdez.—Military Expedition.—Spirits of the Spanish Troops under General La Peña.—Embarcation of British Regiments.—Coast of Africa.—Bay of Gibraltar.**

THE Alameda was crowded. It was not one of those crowds that sometimes press themselves into its avenues during the carnival, or on the great fêtes when all the world seem as if desirous to ascertain how many people they could hold, or to wish to form an idea of the power of compressibility of their own bodies. it was a moderate crowd, where there was room in the interstices of the ranks to admit the Boca boys, who, with their baskets on their arms, wormed themselves between

the people, announcing their approach by a repetition of the shrill cry, "*Boca fresca de la Isla;*"* and where the as active fire-boys, with less difficulty made their way, affording an opportunity of resuming their usual occupation of smoking to those gentlemen whom an exhausted segar had obliged to relinquish it, recommending their commodity by the frequent cries of "good fire;" "excellent fire;" "the best fire;" and occasionally striking their matches of combustible rope against the ground, producing

* The *bocas* here alluded to are the claws of small crabs, which are caught in the marshes that surround the Isla de Leon, and being deprived of their claws are again put into the marshes, where, after a time, they grow again, and being again caught they are again torn off. The claws are very delicate morsels; which being boiled are carried about by boys on the Alameda, when the promenade is well attended, and sold to those who occupy the benches. These boys are sometimes very numerous, and continually repeat their cry of *Boca fresca de la Isla*—"Fresh bocas from the Isla."

a shower of sparks. In the greater concourse produced by some more extraordinary and less frequent interruption of the usual occupations and amusements of the mass of the people than is the effect of a common Sunday, the mark is overshot, and the great aim of seeing and being seen is destroyed by the number of people who, rushing to partake of this happiness, contribute to deprive themselves of it; as it has the effect of bounding the horizon of each individual to the four or five faces immediately around him; and as by moving *en masse*, the relative situation of each person is very little altered, those who mix in the promenade on a great festival rarely see more than a dozen persons whilst they believe they have passed the whole town in review: but this was simply Sunday evening; and there were not so many people but that the vanity of each individual might be gratified. The Vandyked *basquiña*,* (9) glittering with

* *Basquiña*, a black silk petticoat.—See Note .

bugles, falling many inches short of the ancle which surmounted a foot formed by nature in the mould of perfect symmetry, and upon which all the art of St. Crispin had been exhausted to display it to advantage, was not put on in vain. Its graceful folds, sustained by the weight of small pieces of lead at the point of each Vandyke, in the order, and to the length fixed by the taste of the wearer, and from which its own lightness and shortness might else have easily subjected it to disorder, were not lost to the eye of the surrounding Señoritos. The intelligent beckon of the head, artfully accompanied by a graceful arrangement of the *mantilla** to which it seemed necessary, could not escape the object it was intended to attract, nor the more decided language of the fan fail to reach the eye to which it was addressed.

* *Mantilla*, the long veil thrown over the head.—See Note 9.

The sun had been some time apparently enlarging the circumference of his orb; his brilliant disk had gradually received its evening tinge of red; and now his last ray darted upward from the refulgent bosom of the ocean, streaking with gold the expanded edge that veiled his face It was the signal for the *Oraciones*, or evening prayer, which being repeated by the tolling of the bell of every church, the whole city, the whole kingdom, addressed a prayer and a thanksgiving to the Almighty Being wh[illegible] had brought the day to a close. T[illegible] [illegible]d upon the Alameda, whose h[illegible] m[illegible] [illegible]d footsteps mingled their bruit [illegible] [illegible]e ear like the fall of waters where the [illegible]se of a gentle streamlet is broken by some impeding rock, now stood still, and there prevailed, as if by magic, a sudden, profound, and awful silence. At the sound of the bell the carriages stopped; all who were sitting arose; those who were walking remained in the position in which this moment overtook them; all conversa-

tion was suspended, and every one repeated an inward prayer. The sign of the cross, which closed the prayer of each, was the signal for the breaking of this holy silence; every one gave a salutation to those who surrounded him, known or unknown, and then the stream flowed on unaltered in its course.* It was this moment of silence that arrested the footstep of Alvarez, at the entrance of one of the avenues to the Alameda; and the lady who, accompanied by a dueña, was similarly detained immediately before him, was Ismena Valdez.

* There [illegible]ing with which a foreigner, unacquainted with the religious customs of Spain, is so struck as the Oraciones, or prayer at sunset, which is above described. The reflection, that at that same moment, or rather in an unbroken succession of moments, there is a general suspension of all work and conversation, and that a national act of adoration in silence takes place throughout the whole kingdom, renders it truly awful and imposing.

"*Agur Ismenita*,"* said Felix.

"Where were you last night, Señor Don Felix," said Ismena.

He replied with confusion, "How shall I ask for pardon, Ismena?—Would you believe it, my engagement to pass the evening with you has never returned to my memory until now that your question has recalled it."

"I must believe it, though I would not; and I must grant to your candour the pardon which the manner of employing the hours you had promised to us would

* *Agur* is a Biscayan word, a familiar salutation. It is prevalent throughout all Spain; and is pronounced with the *g* mute. The Spanish language derives one of its greatest beauties from the universal application of the augmentatives and diminutives. Upon any thing more than a common acquaintance, it is usual to address a Spanish lady with a diminutive termination to her name. Of these there are several, expressive of different degrees of affection, of ridicule, and contempt. *Ita*, the one here applied to the name of Ismena, is the most common affectionate one, and is universally used.

not have obtained. I am less hurt at your forgetting it, than I am that it was for such society that we were forgotten. You were at the Gutierrez's last night. Do not deny it, for I know it.—Come, tell me, was it to Matilda, or Christina, or to Carmencita, that you made love last night?—Which of them had the pleasure of playing with that volatile heart of yours?"

"Indeed, Ismena, you wrong me by supposing that the superficial attractions of those silly and vulgar girls should have power to draw me from the enjoyment of your conversation. Mosquera and I met them at the neveria; and after promenading the Plaza de San Antonio, we walked home with them; for I hardly supposed the jesting kind of promise I had given to be with you, was considered by yourself an engagement, and I never remembered it. Forced by the mother to dance a bolero with Carmen, I came away as soon as it was over, in spite of an engagement to waltz with Christina, which I left Mos-

quera to fulfil. I was at home early, and spent two hours in my balcony, reflecting on the serious conversation we had together the other day."

"Think well of it, Felix," said Ismena; "but let not your time be wasted in thought. The path you ought to follow is so clear, that it can require but little contemplation. Have you taken any steps to join the expedition which is preparing?"

"Not yet," replied Felix.

His answer led to a conversation in which their attention became so completely engaged, that they did not observe the increase of darkness, or the proportionate decrease of the stream of people in which they had first met. The theatre, the neverias, the various tertulias of all degrees of fashion, and though last, not least, the Plaza de San Antonio, and the ball-room of Bachicha, (10) had all become filled from this fountain, until it was nearly exhausted, and at last but a few straggling pairs occasionally crossed the path of Ismena and

Felix as they continued their walk, followed at a short distance by the dueña, who took the opportunity of shortening her nightly task by telling some of the beads of a large rosary which hung upon her arm. The only circumstance which discovered that they were sensible of the change that had taken place around them; was that Ismena had taken Felix's arm, a favour which a Spanish woman cannot grant until after dark.

To enable the reader to enter into all the interest of the conversation which occupied them so entirely, it will be necessary to make him acquainted with Ismena and with her connexion with Alvarez. They had first casually met at the house of a Spanish merchant upon the occasion of the celebration of the marriage of one of his daughters, and circumstances having subsequently thrown them several times together, she had discovered all the good qualities which adorned the mind of Felix, through the veil of romance that shaded

them, and the mist that dissipation had thrown around them. She became interested in his fate, and could not see without the greatest regret the rapidity with which he was whirled along the path of common pleasure, fit only to be trod by men of common minds, and from which it required but an effort to disentangle himself. Her father had been a captain in the navy, who had married the daughter of an Irish merchant established at Cadiz, who was afterwards unsuccessful in trade, and had failed. He had retired from the service, and settled in the small town of Vejer de la Frontera, the place of his birth, where he had supported his wife and his only child Ismena, upon the trifling pittance of his half-pay, the irregular manner of paying which had occasionally reduced him to much necessity. He died before his child had completed her seventeenth year, and his widow remained without any other means of support than that afforded by her scanty pension. Under these dis-

tressing circumstances, they were received as dependent inmates in the house of a maiden aunt of the mother's, an old Irish lady, who possessed a property sufficient to enable her to live in tolerable affluence, and to join in the amusements of a particular society in Cadiz, not very elevated, but which was looked upon in a very respectable light. The mother, Doña Margarita Macglachan de Valdez, was taken from the comparative comfort which she enjoyed in the house of her aunt, before the first year of her widowhood had elapsed. She died of the epidemical disorder which had shown itself with violence at a particular season some years in Cadiz, and against which the inhabitants consider it necessary to provide every year. Ismena was left an orphan, dependant on her grand-aunt; from whom, however, she had received much kindness, and might reasonably expect a continuance of it; for the old lady had conceived as much affection for her as can take possession of a heart which has been chilled by sixty-

five winters before the object is admitted into it, and she considered her as the natural heiress of all she had to leave in the world.

Ismena's mother had, in early life, been strongly prepossessed in favour of the English language, and English manners. She had, therefore, given her daughter as much as she could of an English education. She was accustomed to occupy her time otherwise than in recalling the last amusement and planning the next. She was delighted in reading, and thinking of what she read; and she therefore may be said to have a mind, a superiority which can scarcely be claimed by most of her countrywomen, or at least of the fair Gaditanas, whose simple ideas float in an atmosphere formed of the impervious clouds of bigotry and the light mists of dissipation. She lived in comparative seclusion; that is to say, there were but three or four houses whose tertulias she ever attended; but as the routine of her grand-aunt's life was as regular

as clockwork, and did not interfere with her manner of passing her time, she possessed a perfect liberty, for the presence of the Señora Ana, her dueña, whom custom obliged to walk in her shadow, was not the slightest restraint upon her in any way. She soon perceived the superiority of Felix over the crowd of young men whom she saw; and although her mind had been highly cultivated, yet she was born in Andalusia, and her heart possessed all the susceptibility of an Andalusian. She had conducted herself towards Felix so as to gain his confidence; and in so doing she had, without his perceiving it, taken a deeper root in his mind than he imagined. He without an effort sacrificed many a brilliant tertulia for the pleasure of her society, although it was attended by the necessary circumstance of the presence of a stupid old aunt; and he was sometimes astonished to find himself finish one of his reveries by retracing a conversation which had taken place with her, when he had

begun it with thoughts of his ever fondly remembered Rosa. He could not be blind to her superiority over all that surrounded her; and the amusement afforded him by the coquetry of others could not be compared to the charm which he felt in her society.

Ismena, in making herself acquainted with his character and his history, saw the precipice on the edge of which he stood, and determined to save him. She had pointed out to him the weakness, not to say worse, of his present inactivity, and was not at all satisfied with the evasive reasons of Mosquera, which had so easily satisfied him. Pleasure indulged lulls the better faculties of the soul into an agreeable slumber, which if long continued approaches to mental lethargy; and she found it more difficult to rouse Don Felix from that into which he had been lulled, than she had hoped or imagined. But she was not discouraged; and she followed up the effect which her first conversations had

upon his mind so well, that, in the one in which we have just left them upon the Alameda, she had determined him to break the spell by which he was held, and to take part in the active operations of an expedition which was then preparing. Unwilling to allow him the chance of wavering again, by subjecting him to the specious arguments of Mosquera, she offered to procure him an honourable occupation by means of her acquaintance with the officers of the British army who visited at her aunt's house. Once removed from the vortex of dissipation, she doubted not that he would be roused to activity, and would distinguish himself in such a manner as would gain him an easy and honourable admittance into the army of his own nation.

"Until to-morrow evening then—" said Ismena, on parting with him; "and let its morning be employed in such a manner as to enable you to leave Cadiz on the following day if it should be found necessary. Adios—Adios."

More than a twelvemonth had elapsed since Cadiz had seen the oppressors of her country, who had spread themselves over its fairest provinces, stopped on the banks of the little river Santi Petri, which separates her from the surrounding shores of Spain, whose best sons, and, alas! some of whose worst, were enclosed within her walls. Spain might be said to be compressed within the compass of Cadiz and the Isla de Leon, which are connected by the narrow isthmus that runs for the space of some miles the breadth only of the raised causeway by which the communication is kept up, on one side of which the blue Atlantic closes the horizon, and on the other the magnificent bay seeks in vain to break down this barrier, which alone prevents it from joining itself to its parent ocean. All the opposite land on which the eye could rest was France, not Spain.

Little effect as the siege had in diminishing the insatiable thirst for pleasure of the higher classes of Cadiz, there were not

wanting many who were active in discouraging the lower class of people. Whether it was to raise the minds of these, and to give a fresh impulse to the almost exhausted hope of being relieved from the presence of their enemies, or to make a diversion in favour of the army upon whose success hung the fate of Spain, the government planned a sortie from the garrison of an extensive nature. About nine thousand men were placed under the command of General Don Manuel de la Peña, and a force of from four to five thousand British troops, commanded by General Graham, were to co-operate in the expedition under the orders of the Spanish General. The Spanish troops had been nearly a fortnight embarked on board goletas and feluchas, and boats even of a smaller description, and in so crowded a manner, that the men were forced to remain in one position, with their muskets in their hands during the whole time. The indecision and want of activity of the Spa-

nish chiefs conspired with the contrary winds to produce this disheartening delay; and dreadful is it to say, that the horrors of hunger were added to the other privations of the Spanish soldier in this situation. Through want of arrangement, or perhaps poverty on the part of the government, a very scanty allowance of provisions was furnished to the soldiers on board these boats; yet they repined not. These hardy Spaniards, with an extraordinary buoyancy of spirit, and the absence of all thought, supported by the rallying words of "*La justa causa*," and "*Fernando Septimo*,"* under these hardships amused themselves by singing tiranas and seguedillas, and found a consolation for the want of nourishing food in smoking bad tobacco through a paper tube. The paternal care of the British commanders had better provided for the support and comfort of their men. Several regiments were embarked on board

* "The Just Cause;" and "Ferdinand the Seventh."

their magnificent frigates, and vessels even of a larger description,* and the rest were placed in convenient transports.

The house of Mrs. Macglachan had become the resort of several English officers of distinction. Ismena was the attraction. Her amiable manners, formed by a mixture of all that was gay and lively in the Spanish *doncella*, and all the regard for propriety which commands respect in an English lady, procured her universal admiration, and she did not overrate her power when she promised Felix an introduction which should procure him attention in the British army. By a note she requested the Aid-de-camp of General ——, with whom she was more intimate than with others, to devote half an hour to her on the morning following her conversation with Alvarez. To Captain M——, she

* A considerable number of the troops employed in this expedition were put on board the St. Alban's, Captain Brace, and the Stately, Captain Dixon, both sixty-fours.

made out such a case for Felix as interested him, and described his character in such a manner as prepared him to receive the favourable impression which the appearance and conversation of Alvarez made upon him when they were introduced to each other in the evening. The consequence was an introduction on the following morning to General ——, the commander of a British brigade, who received him with the feelings which Captain M——'s recommendation had excited, and immediately attached him in an extra situation to his staff. But a few hours elapsed before he was called upon to accompany the General on board the frigate which was allotted to carry them.

By the advice and request of Ismena, he had not informed Mosquera of his plan while it was in agitation, and he now wrote him an affectionate letter, telling him that an opportunity had suddenly offered of enabling him to engage in the expedition attached to the staff of a British

General, and that in bidding him adieu, it was with ardent hopes of shortly meeting with him on the Puente Suaza (the bridge over the river Santi Petri which connects the Isla de Leon with the main land) to which he had no doubt they should cut their way through the French phalanxes. Upon parting with Ismena, he experienced an emotion which for the first time made him sensible of the interest that she had obtained in his heart. But he did not at all connect this feeling with the love he felt for Rosa; and as he went aboard he argued himself into the belief, that although his heart had admitted a strong friendship for another woman, excited by gratitude for her disinterested kindness towards him, he was still faithful to the affection he had sworn to Rosa.

The vessels had been some time under weigh, and the small boat which conveyed General ——, and his staff on board, had to pass that bed of rocks called the Porpoises, which lies about the middle of the

bay; nor did it overtake the frigate until it had reached the Castle of San Sebastian, which stands upon a rock at the extreme point of the city towards the Atlantic, and which, being both a light-house and a state prison, is a dreaded beacon, both by sea and land. It was lighted before they passed it. The wind blew with great violence, and the consequent tossing of the little boat which had brought them had so deranged Felix's head and his stomach, that he found himself obliged to retire to his birth, which he did not leave until late the following morning.

It blew very hard during the night; but when Alvarez went upon the deck in the morning, the wind was considerably abated. Large dark clouds floated rapidly above the horizon, while those which kept their course across the zenith were of a more milky hue, and often opened to display large portions of the celestial blue above. They were close to the shore of Barbary, at the opening of the bay of Tangiers. The

enormous height of that coast, consisting of dark rocky cliffs rising into the clouds, gave a grandeur to the general gloom of the prospect about it; but Felix's attention was more particularly attracted by the novel and beautiful appearance of a convoy of ships under short sail in a rough wind, that seemed like a flock of enormous birds sprinkled on the billowy surface of the waters. Having altered the tack, the fertile and sloping shores of Spain presented themselves. They did not run close to the shore until they were nearly opposite to Tarifa, where they lay-to, and some ships went in; but Felix was not condemned long to the uncomfortable sensation produced by the rocking which their being stationary occasioned: an order from the Commodore's ship directed them to proceed without delay to Algesiras.

The sun had accomplished half his journey downwards, when the squadron came in sight of the rock of Gibraltar. It was

a short and pleasant sail up the bay, to the very top of which the wind obliged them to tack, to enable them to anchor off Algesiras at the mouth of the little river Miel; and the anchor was let slip just as the sun was setting behind the Trocha, a large range of mountains immediately behind Algesiras, to which it gave the appearance of one of those deep clouds that frequently encircle the horizon towards the decline of day, and which the sailors call a bank, while its rays still illumined the top of the rock of Gibraltar. It was the first time that Alvarez had seen this stupendous work of nature; and wonder and curiosity detained him on the deck, until its outline only was visible by the light of a most beautifully bright moon. The moon was sufficiently brilliant to give him also a profile of the enormous Ape's Hill on the African side. The stillness of the night imposed an additional degree of interest on the scene. He looked upon the mountains before him as Calpe

and Abila, and lost for a moment, in the exploits of Hercules, the contemplation of the interesting Herculean labours that were in actual operation. From this classical retrospection his ideas were naturally diverted to the home where he had first loved to contemplate them; he thought of his fond father and his affectionate sister, and before he retired to his birth, his pencil traced the followed stanzas which his imagination had framed.

How softly sweet this zephyr night!
Lo! Venus lends her brilliant light,
And heaven's inhabitants unite
    Each friendly beam,
To put fell darkness' train to flight,
    With gentle gleam.

The vessel's sides the waters wake,
Which, waveless as the bounded lake,
A solemn slumber seem to take,
    Extending wide:
Along the ship they sparkling break,
    And gem the tide.

Midst such a scene no thoughts can find
An entrance in the pensive mind,
But such as virtue has refin'd.
The past will smile,
And flattering Fancy still be kind,
And Hope beguile.

Bless'd Silence, solitary friend!
My thoughts with thee to home I send,
And there absorb'd my sorrows end:
In vain I roam;
As blossoms to the day-star bend,
So I to Home.

Not more I owe that glorious ray
That beams the blessing of the day,
Not more my gratitude I pay,
For air and light,
Than for that home, now far away,
Best, first delight!

A little while, and that bless'd spot
From memory shall raze each blot;
And all my wand'rings there forgot,
At least I'll rest:
No sorrow shall disturb the cot
So lov'd, so bless'd.

## CHAP. V.

A Bivouac by Night.—Butcher in Uniform.—Panorama from the Summit of the Trocha.—Letrilla from Gongora.—Ermitas.—Carboneros.—Crosses denoting Murders.

THE feelings excited by the bustle and animation of a military campaign must be experienced to be imagined—they cannot be described. The universal appearance of occupation; the new and strange situations in which we are placed; the novel scenes which surround us; the recollection and relation of individual adventures past, and the anticipation of those to come; the discussion of the ulterior objects of the campaign; the suppositions as to the movements of the enemy, and the exhilarating expectations of a meeting with him, are all so many fertile sources of new ideas and new sensations.

Early in the morning the flood-gates were opened which admitted this stream of new ideas into the mind of Felix. In the debarkation of the troops he was actively employed, for General Graham having crossed the bay to consult with the governor of Gibraltar as to his co-operation, the command temporarily devolved upon General ——, and Felix took a prominent part in the communications between that officer and the Spanish authorities of the town. The boats which had the Spanish troops on board had not been seen since the night on which the whole sailed from Cadiz, and it was therefore the English force alone which now disembarked at Algesiras. The day passed quickly to those who had so much occupation to crowd into it, and it was therefore late before the arrangements were effected, and the General and his staff sat down to the dinner which had been prepared for them at the General's quarters. The arrival of General Graham from Gibraltar produced an order

for the marching on the following morning, and Felix was in consequence deputed to carry General ——'s orders to the brigade. The troops had taken up their ground in a large field about half a mile from the town; and thither Felix proceeded by the light of the moon, which had resumed all its brilliancy of the preceding evening. When he arrived at the bivouac, he could not avoid stopping to contemplate the extraordinary scene which presented itself. He was surrounded by a great number of large fires, made at short intervals, round each of which appeared a group of from twenty to thirty men; the greater number wrapped in their great coats, and lying in mingled confusion, soundly sleeping: whilst some who, in consequence of less fatigue, or a greater power of bearing it, were not yet composing themselves to sleep, were busied around the flame in arranging their arms and accoutrements to anticipate the labours of the coming day. Groups of officers, intermixed

with their men, shared with them the genial warmth imparted by the cheerful blazing of the fagots, and at small distances some of these fires were exclusively occupied by other parties of officers, many of whom had already spread their boat cloaks, and retired to their hard beds. The strong contrasts of light and shade, as some prominent figures caught the gleam of the fires, whilst others remained enveloped in the darkness which reigned beyond the small circle of their influence, and others again, whose backs were opposed to the spectator, seemed like black objects encircled in a brilliant glory, gave to the scene rather the appearance of the fancied study of a painter, than the real concurrence of existing objects. Alvarez would have indulged himself longer in the pleasure of contemplating this scene, had he not been prevented by the importance of his mission. He experienced great difficulty in finding out the officer he sought; the difference of language made his inqui-

ries unintelligible to most of the men whom he accosted; and when he received directions from some, the utter darkness which surrounded him on leaving the fire by the light near which he had received his information, made him err from the path he had taken. He might have wandered long in this manner, had not an officer sent a soldier to guide him to the spot where he would find the senior officer on the field; to whom he delivered his written orders, and left the bivouac on his return to the town.

He had taken a different road than that by which he came, and it conducted him through an enclosed ground, which formerly was the Plaza de Toros, and which served as such still, whenever an opportunity presented itself of having bull-fights. He was attracted by a fire which appeared in one corner of it, and his curiosity induced him to go towards it. It was the spot fixed upon by the Commissariat for the distribution of meat to the troops, and a

number of men were employed in slaughtering and cutting up bullocks. He was retiring from this scene, which had no charms to detain him, when he was struck by the singular appearance of a man who was despatching bullock after bullock with a great deal of dexterity, by inserting the point of a sword into their necks at the commencement of the spine, in the true Matador * style. A Spaniard, when possessed of any office or employment to which any distinguishing dress is attached, seldom or never appears without it, or some of its distinctions. An officer in the army places his epaulets or his *galons,* which are strips of gold lace placed round the cuffs, (11) on every coat he wears, military or not. The man who stood before Felix, and was so usefully employed, was the head butcher

* The *Matador* is the person in a bull-fight who meets the bull on foot, and gives him the *coup de grâce* when he is conceived to have afforded sufficient opportunity to the *Picador,* who is the actual fighter, to display his skill and courage.

of the town, and also a captain in the volunteers which had been raised in the district; and he performed the operation of slaying and cutting up a whole herd of cattle in a jacket trimmed with silver lace, and two epaulets on his shoulders. It is true, that the epaulets had long lost all appearance of either silver or gold, and that the lace was only distinguishable by the additional quantity of grease that had collected about it; but still, such as they were, they served to give distinction and honour to the wearer. Felix regained the town, and having reported the result of his message to the General, he joined two of his friends, who had their beds made on a billiard-table in the inn where they were quartered, and was not long in obtaining that repose for which the fatigues of the day had so well prepared him.

On the following morning the division took the start of the day in its march. They had already got over all the level part of the road from Algesiras, and begun

to ascend the mountain, when they met the rays which the enormous rock of Gibraltar had obstructed from their view for some time after the sun had risen above the horizon, and cheered with day all who were without the circle of its shade. The only road from Algesiras to Tarifa is over this mountain, and is a difficult pass in summer; but it was at the end of the month of February, and the heavy rains which had fallen for some time before had rendered it almost impassable. At no season of the year were carriages of any kind ever taken over it, and consequently the artillery and ordnance trains had been sent round to Tarifa in the vessels which had brought them from Cadiz. The march, therefore, though short, was one calculated to initiate a young soldier into some of the difficulties attending his profession.

The sun appeared with all his splendour as they began to enter a thick cork wood of magnificent trees, the remnants of whose repeated coatings, at the point where the

branches began to spread, proved the length of time which had contributed to produce their nine years' harvests of cork. Many little rivulets of delicious water intersect the wood, or Pinar de Bujeo, which contribute to swell the river Miel that falls into the bay at Algesiras. The wood extends to the banks of a streamlet which, from its size, hardly deserves the rank of a river, although called the Rio de Guadalmesi; but the stony bed on which it rolls its uneven course renders it highly picturesque. This spot afforded at once the refreshments of shade and water to the soldiers, and the division consequently here made a halt. Alvarez amused himself some time with observing the different grouping of the men as they spread along the side of the stream, and sweetened the repast, with which their haversacks provided them, with its clear water. After some time, having partaken of refreshments procured from the General's sumpter mule, Alvarez acceded to a proposal of his

friend Capt. M——, to take advantage of the lengthened rest which the spot would induce the General to allow the men, to ascend to a height discovered through an opening in the foliage, from which he anticipated a view of the whole of the magnificent Bay of Gibraltar. The spot to which they proposed climbing promised to be the centre of so sublime a panorama, that they disdained the difficulties of the way, or considered the reward a sufficient payment for the trouble of the undertaking. Leaving, therefore, their horses in charge of the General's servant, they commenced their route by striking into a small pathway, which seemed likely to lead them to the desired situation. They soon lost sight of the straggling parties of men, who had gone a little from the road to enjoy their breakfast; and as they proceeded the foliage became thicker by degrees, as the spaces between the stately trunks of the cork-trees were occupied by more luxuriant but less towering trees; and at last the

path they followed, that had before wound at large round the stately trees which alone obstructed its course, became a close alley of a breadth to admit one person only. Having come to an opening, they saw the rocky height they wished to gain still at a considerable distance, and they were still too low in the wood to see any thing above the tops of the trees but the blue vault of heaven. They pursued their way, but the path became more and more difficult, and almost untraceable, until at last it led them to a little rocky opening, from amongst the large stones of which one of the numerous gargantas, or streamlets, took its course. From this spot they discovered, at no very great distance, the summit of the rock; but no path, or trace of footstep, presented itself to guide them to it: yet as they left the wood behind them, and had to pass only through short underwood, and over masses of rock, they always had their object in view; and having therefore refreshed themselves at the little spring, they

determined not to give up their project. The ascent was steep, and the rocks that lay in their way were large; but persevering still, after a great deal of difficulty and labour they succeeded in gaining the summit of an enormous mass of rock, which reared its head above the wood that clothed the more shelving sides of the mountain. It was the highest point of the Trocha. The scene which burst upon them was indeed sufficient to repay them for all the fatigue of reaching the spot. Before them the sister hills, the famed Pillars of Hercules, were the prominent features of this vast landscape; whilst the blue ocean, which they seemed but severed to admit, flowing between them, and changing not its colour with its name, was scarcely discernible from the atmosphere with which it formed the horizon. On the left of the rock of Gibraltar the eye caught a glimpse of the waters of the Mediterranean over the sands of San Roque, and then rested upon the Monte Almoraimas, the height of which,

had it risen on some solitary plain, might for grandeur have excited the wonder and admiration of the traveller; yet by comparison with its enormous and more immediate neighbour, it created no such emotion, but seemed to sink into a contrast of its magnitude. On the right, the Apes' Hill was followed by the dark bold coast of Africa, until the eye lost it in the general blue of the Atlantic and the heavens Immediately under their feet the foliage was continued with diversified colours down to the very water's edge; and close to the coast three or four of the vessels, which were conveying the artillery to Tarifa, appeared with all their sails like little specks upon the surface of the water, the forms of which were scarcely to be traced. Having gazed upon this scene with sensations of admiration and delight, to which no words could give utterance, interrupting the silence only with occasional ejaculations of "How beautiful! How wonderful!" they turned round to continue the pano-

rama, which their exalted situation gave them an opportunity of doing. In this section the eye extended over a vast space of country, hilly and woody, except where small tracts of cultivation varied the prospect; and the last distinct objects that rested on the horizon of the semicircle were the high hills upon which stood Vejer de la Frontera, and a little further to the right the higher and more pointed one, whose summit was the site of Medina Sidonia.

Chained to this spot by the spell that bound their senses, their eyes ceased not to wander over the expanse which surrounded them, discovering incessantly new beauties, new sources of admiration. Captain M—— was a skilful artist, and he could not resist the impulse which induced him to trace some of the bolder features of the scenery, to aid his memory in recalling at future periods the sensations which it then inspired. His military memorandum-book was sufficiently large to contain the outline; and while he was occupied in sketch-

ing it, Felix endeavoured to discover the detail of many of the objects by means of his friend's spy-glass. Having gazed again and again, and feasted his sense of sight until the first impression had in some degree worn off, and the feelings it excited were familiarized to his mind, he found his friend still busy with his pencil, and he therefore drew from his pocket a small volume of the works of Gongora, which he had stored as a resource against an unoccupied hour. He opened it as chance directed, at the middle of the Letrillas; and having ascertained that Captain M—— was sufficiently acquainted with the language to enter into the wit of the poet, he read aloud a Letrilla, of which the following is a translation.(12)

LETRILLA, BY DON LUIS DE GONGORA.

Warm be my gear,
And let folks jeer!

To governing let others turn,
For conquests and for kingdoms burn,

But let my humble mouth be burning
With rolls hot butter'd ev'ry morning:
And in the winter cold and drear,
A dram, or jug of good strong beer:
And let folks jeer.

From golden vase let princes eat,
'Midst thousand fears, the pamp'ring treat,
And taste of Care's all-bitt'ring gall;
'Tis gilded, but 'tis bitter still:
The store my board is wont to bear
Is frugal, but 'tis wholesome cheer.
[illegible]

When white the hills and mountains grow,
With silvery ice and driven snow,
Then be my smiling hearth well stor'd
With crack'ning chesnuts, a good hoard;
Nor want there friends the hour to cheer
With goblin tales of pleasant fear.
So let folks jeer.

Let merchants, and I wish them joy,
To seek more gold their hours employ,
Whilst I along the breezy strand
Seek shells and cockles in the sand,
And Philomel's sweet accents hear
From trees that guard—yon fountain clear:
And let folks jeer.

Leander haply could delight
To stem the waves at dead of night,
Nor fear to cool the am'rous flame
That led him to th' expecting dame:
I better like, devoid of fear
To ford yon stream so bright and clear:
So let folks jeer.

For Love, the little cruel knave,
To Pyramus and Thisbe gave
A sword instead of bridal bed;
And join'd them both, but join'd them dead;
A pastry be my Thisbe here,
And I used my tooth for a rapier:
And let folks jeer.

The mirth excited by the close of this specimen of Spanish poetry, and a discussion of its merits, filled up a considerable space of time, during which Captain M—— was adding touches to his already finished outline. Their minds had been so completely occupied during the interval of their absence from the division, that they were not aware how rapidly the hours had flown, and it was accident which drew forth Captain M——'s watch. It was al-

most mid-day. Surprise, and the unpleasant certainty of having been long left behind by the division, were the first ideas which struck the ramblers; but these were soon followed by the still more disagreeable supposition of the possibility, or rather the great probability there was, that they would find it difficult to regain the road they had left. They lost no time in considering this, but taking a last glance at the magnificent panorama, and reconsigning the volume of Gongora to Felix's pocket, they began their descent. After some leaps from pieces of rock, and some difficulty in passing thick shrubs and overgrown underwood, they found themselves at the source of a garganta, but whether it was that which they had formerly passed, and of the waters of which they had drunk, they were unable to determine. One thing which induced them to believe that it was not, was, that they could not discover the outlet by which they had entered; but they had been so intent upon the point

they had in view, that they had not been sufficiently observant of the land-marks which were to guide them on their return. In this emergency they had no alternative to propose to the plan which suggested itself, and they therefore proceeded to make their way through the boughs in the direction that appeared to them the one they ought to follow. They wandered about for a considerable time without crossing a single trace of a path; they began to despair of regaining the division at all, and were anxious only to meet some one who would serve them as a guide to Tarifa, and they made up their minds to their uncomfortable walk. After halting for rest, and for deliberation, and having come to this conclusion, they began anew their search for a path. The shade of the trees had so completely deceived them, as to the direction they had taken, that after nearly three hours roaming about, they at last found themselves on a road, and they presently recognized it to be the one leading

to Algesiras, and not very distant from that town. The pleasure they derived from finding themselves at last certain of their way, was considerably damped by the distance which they had retrograded. They took heart, however, and turning into the road they courageously commenced their journey towards Tarifa. It was past three o'clock, and an almanack told them that the day closed at a little after six. They had therefore no time to lose, as there did not remain three hours of daylight. Although the weather was fine, and it promised to be moonlight, yet a great quantity of rain had fallen during the preceding weeks, and but a few days had dawned with an unclouded sky: the consequence was, that the roads consisted of large loose stones enveloped in beds of mud. Through this the friends waded with undiminished courage, and having now a prospect of ultimately arriving at their destination, they rallied their spirits sufficiently to joke upon their own thoughtlessness, and the

laughableness of their adventure. They at last arrived at the spot from which they had commenced their climbing expedition, and the loneliness of it, compared with the cheerful bustle in which they had left it, seemed to occasion them as much disappointment as if they had really expected to find the division still there.

Hunger and fatigue combined to render their pace much slower than that with which they had commenced their route; and the sun had finished his journey before they had proceeded much beyond the cork wood which terminated on the banks of the Guadalmesi. The nature of the road continued the same; but it now took its course along the side of the mountain at a steeper part than any they had passed. On their right its rocky surface rose covered with heath, or low shrubs; while, on the left, the descent, clothed with the same covering, was so rapid, that it appeared a formidable precipice. It was moonlight, but some gathering clouds, which began to spread them-

selves over the heavens, hid the orb from their sight, and diminished the force of its rays. Every thing portended rain, and this circumstance contributed not a little to increase the dreariness of their situation. They had continued their journey some time after sun-set, and, calculating the distance they had walked, they were willing to persuade themselves that there could remain but a little way to go before entering the valley of Tarifa. But a new difficulty presented itself; they came to a point where the road divided itself into two branches, one of which, curving towards the left, still wound round the hill, whilst the other ascended a little, taking a direction to the right. They stopped to deliberate upon which path they were to pursue, and their deliberations were unassisted by the track of the footsteps of the army; for the mud was too soft to retain any mark upon it, and the large stones which lay amongst it seemed to have been equally trodden both ways. Captain M——.

who had informed himself well of the situation of Tarifa, was of opinion that they had kept too much to the eastward, and that consequently the road to the right was calculated to regain southward the ground they had lost. Alvarez concurred in this opinion, and they therefore took it. It conducted them gradually ascending for a couple of miles, and brought them at last to a high-raised point of land, upon which stood an Ermita, or small chapel. The road which they had followed seemed to have no other object than this: for beyond the point on which the chapel stood there was a sudden and violent declivity, the sides of which were embrowned with trees, through which their bounded sight could discover no opening, nor trace any path. At this new dilemma they sought rest and shelter from the rain, which now fell perceptibly, in the Ermita. This was one of those little chapels so frequently met with all over Spain, and which form such picturesque objects in some of her most

beautiful landscapes. They are generally built upon spots difficult of access, and dedicated to the veneration of particular saints; and to them the penitent is often sent by his confessor, in expiation of the sins with which he charges himself, sometimes barefoot, sometimes crawling on his hands and knees over the rocky path that leads to the summits on which they are generally erected. Before the political earthquake, which threw every thing in Spain from its natural course, these Ermitas were inhabited by hermits, who lived in a small room constructed behind the altar. These priests said mass, received the prayers and confessions of the penitents who visited their little sanctuary, and were supported by their alms and voluntary contributions; affording relief and assistance to the straying or benighted traveller, whom chance directed to their habitation. But in the last few years all these buildings had become deserted by both the pastors and the flock, and few of them, since the beginning

of the revolution, had echoed a human sound, except when accidentally one afforded shelter to a piquet of soldiers, or to the sentry of a signal station, for which their exalted situation rendered them peculiarly applicable.

The travellers remained some time under the shelter of this roof, and counselled by their fatigue, they had almost determined there to await the coming of day, should the rain continue with the same violence with which it had begun. To acertain the probability of this they went to the door of the Ermita, and looking accidentally down the declivity they discovered a fire at no very great distance below. They hastened to descend, in the hopes of finding some one by the fire who would guide them to Tarifa; but this descent was much more difficult than that of the morning from the rock in the wood. The rain had rendered the stones extremely slippery, and it was not until they had scrambled and fallen several times, that

they came near the fire which had served them as a guide. They remained at some distance to examine the group which surrounded it. It consisted of half a dozen men and one woman, whose faces and garments were all of the same hue, a sooty blackness. The fire was kindled at the door of a choza, or mud-hut, and the woman was employed over it in preparing something in a large frying-pan. The whole party, unmolested by the descending rain, were in noisy mirth, which broke upon the ear in mingled sounds of laughter and hoarse ejaculations. Captain M——, unable to attach any certain idea to so singular a party, referred for elucidation to Felix, who quickly re-assured him, by suggesting that they were most probably charcoal burners, whose custom it is to remain in the woods as long as the season will permit, living in chozas, and attending to their occupation night and day. Upon a nearer investigation, the stacks of woods, and kilns of burning charcoal, near the spot upon which they were

assembled, confirmed this idea, and they therefore proceeded to interrupt their mirth.

Alvarez explained, in a few words, their situation, and in reply, in hoarse, deep voices, and an almost unintelligible dialect, several of them expressed their readiness to accompany them, but proposed that they should first partake of the supper that was preparing, after which one of them would guide them to the town. They had felt a good deal of hunger in the course of the day, but it required a more urgent craving than that which they experienced at the moment, to reconcile their stomachs to the only dish which constituted the supper of the carboneros. They called it *migas*; it consisted of garlic and large red pods of pepper put into a frying-pan full of oil, into which, as it simmered over the fire, the woman crumbled a quantity of coarse bread, with hands that had no acquaintance with water, except that which now fell upon them from the heavens. She continued her office of crumbling until the

mess in the frying-pan acquired a consistency, and began to bake instead of boil. Having therefore refused the offer to join in their meal, they were constrained to wait patiently until the carboneros should finish it.

Little conversation passed between the friends, while the carboneros were thus occupied. Felix was attending to the conversation which passed round the fire, which being carried on in the broadest dialect, and pronounced with much rapidity, apparently intentionally, became to him perfectly gibberish. They evidently talked about the benighted strangers, and Felix caught some words which awakened an idea in his mind, that they were discussing the propriety of laying them under contribution. His imagination took fire, and represented himself and his friend as the victims of their rapacity. He, however, kept these thoughts to himself, not daring to give vent to them in Spanish, lest they should become intelligible to the carbone-

ros, and not being sufficiently master of the English to express himself fluently in it, although he understood it. An accidental circumstance, however, excited in the mind of Captain M—— the idea which he was considering how he could communicate without suspicion. The woman, who had been squatting before the fire, got up to fetch something from the hut, and on leaving the circle her short petticoat caught a button upon the shoulder of her neighbour, and was for a little while suspended. This garment, which at no time covered the calf of her leg, now exposed her knee, and what was M——'s surprise and horror to discover a two-edged knife stuck into the garter which supported her coarse woollen stocking. (13) He was not aware that this was a common situation of that offensive and defensive instrument of Spanish private warfare about the persons of females of the lowest class, and he immediately conceived that the whole were a

gang of robbers, who exercised the trade of making charcoal as a mask for their real profession. So certain was he of the truth of his supposition, that he would have instantly betaken himself to flight, had he not conceived that it would be but hastening the blow that he expected to fall. They were both without arms, having left their swords with their horses for the convenience of climbing.

As these ideas passed across the mind of the two friends, the look that each gave to the other needed no words to render it intelligible. They both continued silent; but when the carboneros, having finished their repast, rose from the fire, they hesitated to follow their example.

"Let us rather die here," said M——, in English.

"No," replied Alvarez, "they will not kill us; let us not appear to suspect them."

One of the men separated himself from the others, and told them that he was ready

to guide them to Tarifa, taking, at the same time, a lighted brand from the fire, which he stated to be for the purpose of preventing any inconvenience arising from a casual meeting with wolves, which was not unlikely. This very simple action, however, the prepossessed imagination of Captain M—— attributed to some more sinister design. He remembered all the stories of robbers and murderers he had ever heard of, or read in romances, since he was a child; and he doubted not that his fate was about to add one to the list, which would outdo in horror all the horrors that crowded the shelves of a modern circulating library. So occupied were both of them by the anticipation of their fate, that they followed their guide without speaking, and without making any farewell salutation to the party that they left behind them. Having proceeded some way down a rugged path, they acquired a small degree of confidence as they went further from what

they supposed to be the gang; and at length they entered into conversation in a low whisper. Whilst they were imparting their mutual fears, Captain M——, who was a little before his companion, stumbled and fell over a heap of stones: they called to the guide to stop, and having hurt his shin considerably, he was obliged to sit down upon the stones for a short time to rub it. This heap of stones was one of those which are usually placed upon the spot where the body of a murdered man has been found. Upon the top of it was erected a rough wooden cross, about the middle of which was nailed a piece of board with an inscription upon it. (14) Alvarez took the brand, which was still burning, from the man; and, by putting it close to the inscription, was enabled to read the following words:

" José Antonio Pinosa, Labrador de Algesiras, recibió aqui su muerte, el 23 de Agosto del año 1809, de las manos de unos

asesinos ladrones.—Caminante que pase por aqui, ruega á Dios por su alma en purgatorio." *

As Felix slowly deciphered this sentence, his friend gradually lost the sense of the pain which had detained him on the spot, his apprehensions reviving with redoubled force. They continued on their road in the same state of mind as that in which they had left the choza, in the horrid supposition that they were going to be robbed and murdered. They recovered a good deal from the feelings which this conviction excited, when they found that the path which they were following led them to an open road, of the same description as that which they had travelled all along from Algesiras. Still nothing was said by any one; and at last the carbonero, finding that

* "José Antonio Pinosa, farmer of Algesiras, here received his death, on the 23d August, in the year 1809, from the hands of assassin robbers.—Traveller, who passes by this way, pray to God for his soul in purgatory."

they were not inclined for conversation, commenced communing with himself in the manner so common amongst the lower orders of Spaniards when they travel; that is, by singing a tirana, or gypsey song, with all the force of his lungs. A little while and they descended into the valley of Tarifa.

At the first farm-house which they passed all their fears left them, and being a little ashamed that they had entertained them so strongly, they commenced a conversation by rejoicing that the danger they had fancied was but imaginary. Before they came to the walls of the town they had laughed heartily at their adventure; and when they arrived at the gates, they dismissed their good-natured guide, giving him twice the sum they would have thought he deserved, had not their consciences induced them to increase it, as a remuneration for the bad opinion they had entertained of him and his fellow-workmen. Sheltered under the gateway of the town,

they found Captain M——'s servant, who had taken up his station there when the night closed in, and anxiously waited his master's arrival to conduct him to the house upon which he was billeted. Alvarez's quarters were at the same house, and they were not long in reaching it.

Relieved of their wet clothes, and established before a good wood fire, they closed the evening of this eventful day, by enjoying a laugh at the events of it, whilst they partook of a supper, which would at all times have been good, but which appeared the most sumptuous fare, when contrasted with the dish of migas, of which they had been invited to eat what they imagined to be their last meal.

## CHAP. VI.

Tarifa Manto.—Colgaduras.—Juan Doblones and his Ass.—Patience of the Spanish Soldiers.—March from Tarifa.—Fording of the Lake of La Janda.—Vejer de la Frontera.—Popular improvising.—Advance of the Army.—Battle of Barrosa.

THE whole of General ——'s staff, and several other officers, met at breakfast on the following morning. M—— and Alvarez bore the brunt of the laugh which was raised against them when their peregrinations were related. They joined good-humouredly in the joke, and considered themselves very fortunate that their want of foresight had been attended with no worse consequences.

The Spanish troops had not yet made their appearance, and no orders were there-

fore given to make any alteration in the arrangement of the division, and they remained in their quarters in the town. Alvarez and Captain M—— devoted their morning to exploring it. They passed round the walls, which, although not materially decayed, were mouldering away in every part. A few pieces of field artillery, mounted upon the old Moorish fortifications, constituted the defences of Tarifa; and the extraordinary arrangement of its houses, and the extreme narrowness of its streets, bespoke its Moorish origin, and excited but a contemptible idea of the town in the mind of a visitor accustomed to the white houses, and comparatively broad streets, of the generality of the towns of Andalusia. An extraordinary remnant of Moorish manners excited the attention and curiosity of the friends. All the women who appeared in the streets, wore above their saya, or black petticoat, which in other parts of Spain constitutes the universal walking dress, a short black mantle

tied round the waist, which is thrown from thence over the whole head and upper part of the body, restrained in this position by both hands, and so drawn over the face as to leave but one eye visible. This is the only thing which they wear as covering for the head; indeed the only alteration they make in their dress upon going out of their houses. When this mantle is allowed to drop, it falls into the form of a short gown open before. The singular effect of this dress is a striking contrast to the airy appearance of the light mantilla, which is thrown with studied carelessness over the head in the other parts of Spain. The women of Tarifa are celebrated for their beauty; and the officers of the British garrison, which had occupied the town for a considerable time, were warm in eulogising their personal charms; but it required a closer acquaintance with the Tarifeñas than a stranger could obtain, to be enabled to judge of this; for unless admitted to their society, he could never know more of

the beauty of Tarifa than what could be discovered in the right eyes of her daughters. On the strength of the character, however, which was so generally given to them, Alvarez and M—— painted the face and figure of every woman they met in the most glowing colours, and imagined every *manto* to conceal the features of an angel.

Strolling about the ramparts, inquiring into the military history of Tarifa, and listening to the superstitious accounts given by the persons whom they accosted of the defence of it by Gusman the Good, occupied and amused them for some hours. Towards the evening, they rode out along the sands to the little island, which is connected with the main land by a raised causeway, under which there is said to be a natural submarine communication. They extended their ride to the Torre de la Peña, a ruined tower, which stands upon a high rock near the shore, and the view from which affords a treat to the adven-

turous traveller who ascends it. The ascent is by a rough flight of steps of great length, which were much dilapidated, and Alvarez and his friend were not at all inclined to try another climbing adventure. They therefore turned their horses towards the Convent of Nuestra Señora de la Luz, Our Lady of Light, which stood in the plain a little to the right. This convent had been very famous for the miracles performed by the image of the Virgin which it contained. It was a handsome building; but had been much neglected. The examination of the church occasioned a conversation upon the subject of the performance of these miracles, which continued until their arrival at the gates of the town; and a circumstance which attracted their notice at their entrance was calculated to afford more information to Captain M——, of the credulity with which these bigoted people allowed themselves to be imposed upon on this point, than he had before gathered from his companion. A

number of persons were collected at the corner of a street, all examining some pieces of board which were hung against the wall with rude paintings upon them. That which attracted the particular attention of the group was one that had been just affixed by a woman who was kneeling before it in the act of prayer, whilst those around her were assisting in her orisons by inward prayer and frequent signs of the cross. Approaching nearer, they examined the picture, which described a woman lying in bed, receiving a pitcher from the hands of a figure intended to represent the Virgin Mary. Under this daub an explanation was painted, which set forth, that it represented a miracle recently performed by La Virgen de la Luz, the Virgin of Light, in restoring to health Maria de la Luz Martinez, who being very ill with a fever, at the point of death, and given up by the doctors, was affected by a profound and unnatural sleep, during which her patron saint appeared to her in a dream, and

desired her to drink plentifully of a pitcher of water which stood in the room, and which she had endowed with the properties necessary to effect her perfect cure. That upon waking she got up and drank the whole of the contents of the pitcher, which threw her into a violent perspiration, and in a short time restored her to perfect health, to commemorate which miraculous salvation she thus publicly proclaimed it, that the name of the holy Virgin who performed it might be glorified accordingly.*

* This practice is very common amongst the middle and lower order of people all over Spain; but particularly in the south. Every providential escape from danger or death is considered as the miraculous intervention of the patron saint, and is announced in the manner here described; so much so, that when any thing extraordinary happens, it has become a common proverb to say, "*Colgarle por milagro*— "Let it be hung up for a miracle." Recovery from sickness is the most common event celebrated in these *colgadúras*, or suspended paintings; nor is it without reason that it is considered a miracle to escape from the hands of the ignorant and uneducated men who practise medicine in Spain.

There were three or four other paintings upon the same corner describing miracles of a similar nature. M—— was loud in his ridicule of the bigotry of this practice, and he met with little controversy from Alvarez, whose reason and natural good sense had opened his eyes in some measure to these abuses of religion, and to the prejudices of his countrymen.

Their attention was diverted from this subject by the appearance of an extraordinary figure passing by them. It was a tall thin man, sitting remarkably erect upon the finest ass that they had ever beheld. It was higher than either of the horses they rode, and of great beauty. His body formed a straight line perpendicular from the ground; and his toe, which rested in the stirrup, descended several inches below the level of his heel. He was mounted on a picador's or bull-fighter's saddle, which forms a kind of mould for the body and thighs, and has a very high pummel and crupper; he held a long riding

whip in his hand. The furrows of his face, and the immoveability of his features, gave the idea of extreme age; his beard was of a week's growth, and consisted of a row of thick-set bristles of a perfect whiteness, that, extending round his jaws, was continued in whiskers, and met a few white locks which appeared from under a bowl-crowned hat, fitting close to the head, with a very broad brim, put on in such a manner that the projecting parts, both behind and before, were at right angles with his body. His dress was a *chupa*, or tight jacket, descending to his waist, with short flaps below it, a pair of slashed breeches, and stiff leather gaiters. The whole was completed by his *capa*, or cloak, thrown over his left shoulder, and falling but partially over his right, leaving the right arm at liberty.* The whole of this

* This is a literal description of this extraordinary old man, who was living in Tarifa at the period of the expedition referred to, in February, 1811. The size of his ass is not exaggerated. That part of

figure, in the ancient costume, was so striking, and so completely depicted the idea of Cervantes's Don Quixote with Mambrino's helmet, that both the friends remarked it at the same time.

"Who is that old man?" said Felix to a passer-by.

"It is old Juan Doblones, the picador and ginete (the bull-fighter and horseman), of the town. Ninety years have passed over his head, and his ass has made nearly as much progress in his existence; yet not a bull is turned out for the amusement of our townsmen but Juan Doblones is his first oponent; and having shown his skill and his courage, he gives him up to the more juvenile of his profession. If you want to buy a horse, old Juan is the man to choose you one."

The friends followed him some way, and

Andalusia is celebrated for the breed of asses, which are as large as that here described. They are seldom used for labour, but kept almost exclusively for the breed of mules.

a description of his person and dress occupied the conversation at dinner.

Two days passed in inactivity at Tarifa. On the third, the boats conveying the long-expected Spanish army made their appearance. The wind had obliged them to put back into the bay of Cadiz. Alvarez was upon the beach when the debarkation took place. The shore was so very shallow, and the banks of sand extended so far, that it was found impracticable for the vessels to approach sufficiently to enable the men to jump out upon dry land. In the low tide the feluccas were therefore run upon the sands, and the men waded through the water for the distance which yet remained between them and the dry beach: several hundred yards. These hardy men, undepressed still by having remained for nearly three weeks in crowded boats and cramp positions, exposed during part of the time to the violence of a raging sea, and to the greater misery of hunger, cheerfully plunged into the water above their middles, and

supporting their muskets over their heads, gained the beach, where they formed, without delay, into line, awaiting the orders which were to dispose of them.

Nothing now remained to delay the movements of the expedition; which, therefore, commenced its march early on the morning following the arrival of General La Peña. The Spanish army took the advance; on that evening they bivouacked in the wood of Fascinas, about fifteen miles from Tarifa, on the road to Medina Sidonia. General La Peña and his staff betook themselves to a farm-house at some little distance; and within the precincts of the camp, there was but one other habitation, a cluster of little huts which were occupied by General Graham and his staff. The other general officers of the division partook of the shelter afforded by these roofs; but Alvarez, with the rest of General ——'s staff, was constrained to make the best he could of the branches of some of the olive trees of which this wood was

composed. It was not without sensations of sorrow and pity for the unfortunate proprietor of this wood that Felix beheld the havoc made in it by the innumerable hatchets which were at work the moment after the army had halted; and the immense length of growth which an olive tree requires before it comes to perfection, rendered irremediable this (in many cases) wanton destruction of the wealth which a hundred years had contributed to produce. This feeling, however, did not prevent him from participating in the warmth produced by the burning trunks of the trees, nor from sharing in the shelter afforded by the branches which had been robbed from twenty, to form a kind of hut round one.

Contrary to the expectation of every individual in the camp, the army received no orders to march on the following morning. It was occupied by the chiefs in consultation and deliberation; and it was not until eight o'clock at night that they continued their march. The troops marched

all night. The moon still gave its light; but it was obscured by clouds, which rendered it sufficiently dark to cause the guides, who were at the head of the column with General Peña, to miss the road, and take a wrong one to the right. It was not until they had marched quite round the base of a small hill, about two miles in circumference, and found themselves upon the same road they had just quitted, but some distance back, that the mistake was quite evident, although the direction of the path had awakened suspicions of the truth. After halting some time for rest, they pursued the right road, and arrived as the morning dawned between two hills, a short distance from Casa Vieja, a small Ermita, with a few huts around it. Here they took up a position, and remained the whole day. It was not a day unmarked, like the preceding ones, by any thing but the space of ground over which they had marched. The advanced piquet of cavalry had proceeded

about three miles on the road to Medina Sidonia, when it fell in with a piquet of the French; a skirmish ensued, and the whole French piquet, twenty-five in number, was brought prisoners into the camp.

The news of this first blow aroused the curiosity and patriotism of Alvarez. He lamented that he had not been present; and in the hope that another piquet might be found, he mounted his horse and galloped to the front. He had not the satisfaction of even seeing the enemy, but returned to the camp very much fatigued, having occupied in the search hours which were claimed by repose, in the place of those stolen from her during the night. He slept soundly, though with only the same accommodations as on the preceding night, and awakened the next morning at a late hour. The side of the hill on which the troops had encamped was covered with large stones, under some of which the soldiers discovered vipers and scorpions. An officer was bitten by one of the latter

reptiles, and his arm swelled to an enormous size. As no orders had been given to move, the officers were amusing themselves until it should be issued, by turning up these stones in search of the deadly animals which some of them had been found to hide. In their search they awakened Felix, and aroused him from his pillow, which was a large stone, covered with his saddle, that they might turn it from its place. Alvarez arose, the stone was raised, and it was with some sensation of horror that he considered the danger from which he had escaped, when he perceived a scorpion, nearly the size of his middle finger, with a whole family of little ones upon its back. They were crushed, and he left the spot shuddering at the idea of its poisonous sting.

It was late in the day before the order was given to march; and then it was to retrace the steps they had taken on the morning of the preceding day. It appeared that the original plan had been

changed, or that the direction they had taken towards Medina Sidonia was but a feint; for the army now directed its course towards Chiclana. They marched back on the same road for some distance, and then striking off on the left, arrived soon on the bank of the lake of La Janda, a considerable body of water, which lies between the two roads from Tarifa; the one to Medina Sidonia, and the other to Chiclana. The bottom of this lake was of mud; but to render it fordable, a quantity of stones had been sunk across it, forming a pathway under the water, of about seven feet in breadth, and extending upwards of a quarter of a mile. Its limits were distinguished by bushes and poles, set up to prevent the unwary traveller from overstepping its boundaries, and falling into the mud. The army halted at the commencement of this sunken bridge, and shortly afterwards, the Spaniards taking the lead, began their march over it, passing through the water, which in some parts rose above

their middles. The whole staff of the army, both Spanish and English, had already passed, and were waiting on the opposite side of the lake. The soldiers came through this long ford rather cautiously and slowly; and General La Peña, from his horse, encouraged them to proceed with more activity and less apprehension. His words, however, had little effect; for it was the work of some hours to pass over the whole Spanish division. Felix, who had been in conversation with some of the Spanish officers near General La Peña, felt an impulse of shame that no reprimand had been given to the officers of the regiments as they passed, a great part of whom, instead of setting an example to the men of despising the inconvenience attending the passage, and encouraging them to proceed, with a selfish concern for their own comforts, scrupled not to add to the burthens of their men by mounting on their backs, to endeavour to avoid being wetted. Felix was sufficiently master of

English to understand the murmur of contempt which these officers, as pusillanimous as the men they commanded were brave, excited amongst the English staff, and he hastened to join the group, lest he should be included in the general disapprobation. He placed himself by chance close behind General Graham, just as the head of the British column began to appear. The men were a little scattered, and wading rather cautiously through the water; but the officers were all doing their best to keep them close up, by encouraging those who were weak, and punishing those who were only indolent.

"Will you hold my horse, Sir?" said General Graham. Felix came forward and took the bridle as the General descended. A glow of surprise and admiration, mingled with shame at the contrast in the conduct of his countrymen, suffused the cheek of Alvarez as he saw this venerable soldier deliberately walk into the depth of the ford, assisting the regimental

officers in the execution of their duty, speaking to his men as he met them, and desiring them to press forward. He re-crossed the greater part of the lake, and the effect of his presence among the soldiers, and of his contempt of his own personal convenience, was electrical. The division pressed forward in as close order, and with as little attention to the stony uncertain path on which they trod, or the water with which it was covered, as if they had been marching on a high road. The consequence was that it took no more time for the whole English troops to pass over, than it would have done had it been the best raised bridge in the world; and by not allowing the soldiers to stop when they were over, but making them immediately continue their march, the ill consequences to their health were prevented. Felix felt a degree of enthusiastic admiration as he held the stirrup for General Graham to remount, an office which he would not for worlds have given up to the orderly dra-

goon who attended, and the expression of his feelings was the subject of his conversation with Captain M—— during the rest of the march. (15)

The army halted and took up a position that night on a spot little more than a mile short of Vejer de la Frontera. Alvarez knew this town to be the birth place and residence of Valdez, the father of Ismena: he felt anxious to see it, and he obtained permission from General —— to pass the night there. He pushed on to arrive there before sun-set. The high point on which it stood was hid from his view by the winding and rocky sides of the road which led to it; and it was upon suddenly turning a corner, that it opened at once to him. He was struck with the objects that presented themselves, and he stopped at the turning of the road for some time to contemplate them. The enormous hill, rising almost perpendicularly from the banks of the river Barbate, which flowed round it, terminated in two points between

which the houses of the town were visible. The road, by which it was ascended, was traced by its windings backwards and forwards until it reached the top, and the regular form of its meandering, gave the idea of a flight of gigantic steps. This road took its rise from a cluster of houses, the communication to which, from the spot where Felix was standing, was made by a simple bridge of three pointed arches; a little below which, and immediately under his feet, the river having for some time flowed in a declivity, dashed amongst some large stones, and broke in spray before it regained its level. The noise of its broken fall was increased by a large mill which it worked, and which, standing nearly in the middle of the river, was a striking feature in the scene. In the opening between the edge of the hill, and the perpendicular side of the road which Alvarez had just turned, the Barbate lost itself in a fertile plain terminated by woody hills, and the whole formed a perspective

distance, which, by its loftiness and beauty, was admirably calculated to relieve the boldness of the scene immediately before the spectator.

He crossed the bridge, and ascended the hill. The town offered very little to repay the trouble of arriving at it by means of such a steep and winding road; but he traced its Moorish origin in the formation of the houses, and the narrowness of the streets, which were, however, rather wider than those of Tarifa; but more particularly in the extraordinary custom of completely hiding the face of the women, which also prevailed here. Every woman he met was *tapada;* that is, her face was covered with a manto. He found out a miserable place that was called a posado, where he obtained some refreshment and a bed. Before he retired to it, however, he strolled out to explore the town. In the plaza he found a parcel of people collected round a young man who was playing on the guitar, in harmony with which several of the by-

standers were singing. He joined the group at the moment that one had begun to sing a patriotic song, in the chorus of which every body joined. They sung with all their hearts, and the last chorus closed with enthusiastic shouts of *Viva Fernando —Muera el infernal Napoleon*—"Long live Ferdinand—Death to the infernal Napoleon." It was some time before the attention of the auditors was recalled by the twanging of the guitar on which the performer no longer played a regular accompaniment, but struck the whole of the strings by running the nails of his fingers rapidly over them, beating the face of it at the same time with his thumb. This is the national manner of playing on the guitar amongst the lower orders of people, and it awoke national ideas. The performer was called upon for the *cachucha*, a simple little air, originally Mexican, but which has become a very popular song, and is more frequently sung than any other by persons of all ranks. Couplets are ge-

nerally made to it by every individual at the spur of the moment, and this kind of *improvising* is rendered easy by the great licence as to the length of line which the air will admit of. (16) There are couplets on political and national subjects which get generally in vogue, and remain so as long as the subject continues popular. "*La Cachucha, la Cachucha,*" was echoed around; the young man preluded with his twanging accompaniment, and obeyed the call, every body joining in the chorus:

Youth is but short, and age it is cold, love;
Half the gay days of spring they are told, love.
The footstep of time crushes each blooming flower;
Come, let us cull them in infancy's hour.

CHORUS.

Come then, my love, let us all gay be,
Joy's a fickle inconstant young baby,
If you don't catch him when he's in the humour,
He'll fly away, and will come to you no more.
Come then, my love.

Strike up the castanets,—let's make a holiday;
Come, join the dance,—Youth is life's folly day;

Folly, if frowned on, merriment flies men;
Gay fools are happier far than grave wise men.

CHORUS.

Come then, my love, let us all gay be,
Joy's a fickle inconstant young baby,
If you don't catch him when he's in the humour,
He'll fly away, and will come to you no more.
Come then, my love.

Let not the hours for laughing go by, love;
Dull moments crawl, but gay moments fly, love.
Sorrow, perchance, near your door may be strolling,
Hearing gay laughter may fright him from calling.

CHORUS.

Come then, my love, let us all gay be,
Joy is a fickle inconstant young baby,
If you don't catch him when he's in the humour,
He'll fly away, and will come to you no more.
Come then, my love.

Alvarez had enough of this everlasting song, which, when once begun, is generally carried on for an hour at least; he therefore left them to the enjoyment of their moonlight harmony, and retired to rest.

Felix was at the camp as the earliest

rays of the sun pierced through the leafy walls which formed the habitations of his brother officers; but his activity was unnecessary, and he might have devoted a few more hours to repose, which it was fated he was not to obtain on the following night. The army did not move from its bivouac until six o'clock in the evening, when the day was fast declining. They crossed the bridge over the Barbate, and, winding round the hill of Vejer, it was midnight when they halted near the little town of Conil. The men threw themselves on the road side to profit by the moment of rest which was afforded them. The moonbeams were scarcely intercepted by the thin clouds which floated in the atmosphere, and the silence of night was unbroken by the buzz of men, for every heart was throbbing with expectation, and every mind was occupied by its own anticipations. But a few leagues separated them from the object of their march; but a few miles, from the obstacle which opposed

their attaining it. All looked to the morning as an eventful one; nor were they deceived. After an hour's rest, the troops moved forward. The morning dawned, and, before the sun had risen an hour, this little army, approaching by land the town from which they had embarked, halted upon a hill about two miles from Santi Petri. The whole force consisted of between eight and nine thousand Spaniards, and about four thousand English.

The appearance of the beautiful city of Cadiz at the end of its long narrow arm of land now presented itself to the delighted eye of Felix. It recalled a thousand fond recollections and sensations which the bustle and novelty of the march had not allowed him before to feel. The Pinar of Chiclana, an extensive thick pinewood, lay before him, and spread far to the right: beyond it the white turrets of the town of La Isla de Leon were discovered; and the heathy hill, on the point of which he stood, extended to the left, until it

ended in a sudden perpendicular cliff, which was separated from the sea only by a broad expanse of sand. Upon the summit of the cliff stood an old watch tower, called La Vegea de Barrosa, Barrosa being the name given to the heights which were now covered with the combined Spanish and British armies. Banners were erected, and signals made to give information to General Sayas, who commanded the Spanish army in the Isla, and the troops remained in the same situation until about mid-day, when General La Peña, with the Spanish division, marched down to the point at the mouth of the River Santi Petri, where a bridge of pontoons had been thrown over, to secure the communication of which was the object of this movement. In co-operation with this, the British division left the hill, and entered the wood which lay before them, for the purpose of gaining a point further up the river. General Graham, with his troops, had, however, proceeded but a short distance in the wood, the nature

of which obliged the regiments to file through it, when he was informed that the French, in force, had possessed themselves of the height of Barrosa which the army had just left. The narrowness of the road prevented the possibility of a counter-march; the soldiers therefore turned about, and retraced their steps through the wood in reversed order. Some detachments of riflemen, who preceded the division, spreading themselves out as they issued from the wood, commenced an irregular fire; and as the whole force came out and formed into line they beheld a body of between nine and ten thousand men occupying the crest of the hill. General Graham's force, of little more than four thousand men, was unsupported: the Spanish army was not visible, but this was no moment to balance; and, opposing the undaunted courage and physical power of his men to the numerical superiority of the enemy, he marched forward to dislodge them from their advantageous position.

The British troops received the fire of the French as they ascended the hill, and returning it they waited not to replenish the barrels of their muskets; but keeping steady the points of their bayonets, they continued their progress, unheeding the chasms that were made in their ranks by the shot of the enemy, which were filled up as rapidly as they were made. Like a stream of burning lava, pouring from the crater of a neighbouring volcano, they kept on their destructive way, which nothing could impede. Their enemies were ready to receive them. They met— never was a shock more dreadful than that which followed the crossing of their bayonets; for they did cross, and from every point the life-blood streamed. The conflict was long and tremendous. General Graham directed their movements by his consummate skill, and encouraged the men by his example. At the head of their ranks, and foremost in the danger, he repressed their over-eagerness, and directed

their unwavering courage. Cool and undaunted as when he was directing their passage through the Lake of La Janda, he cared as little now for his personal danger as he had then attended to his personal comfort. The 8th French regiment, by chance, was immediately opposed to the 87th British. This was not the first time they had met. Some of the blood that moistened the plain of Talavera had flowed in the veins of the veterans who filled the ranks of the French regiment, and was the indelible record of the valour of the British one. There were those that still composed the French corps, who recognized in their opponents their former conquerors, and shrunk from the once-tried contest. They fled, leaving behind them their proud eagles—those very eagles on which the hand of their usurping emperor had affixed the badge of honour: (17) shamelessly they fled; and the example once set, " *Sauve qui peut*," was the word throughout the French ranks. That

impenetrable phalanx, those close-formed columns, which with the certainty of victory had ascended the heights of Barrosa a few hours before, now rushed in the confusion of a tumultuous mob to regain the cover of the wood through which they had passed, and many who sought it were overtaken ere they reached it, by the well directed shells of the British artillery, which scattered death wherever they fell. Alvarez had remained at first by the side of his General, at the head of the British guards as they went to the charge; but he was dispatched before the shock, to discover the situation of the Spanish forces, and to represent to General La Peña that of the British. His spur gave wings to his horse, and he was not long in reaching the Santi Petri Point. He found the Spaniards with their arms piled, and without even the appearance of watchfulness. As he rode up to the General an officer left him. Felix imparted his orders.

"I have just dispatched an officer to

inquire into the cause of the firing," said General La Peña.

"Good God, Sir, not till now!" cried the incautious Alvarez, unaccustomed to the exact discipline of military rank. "It must be near an hour since the French fired their first volley, and their following ones have thundered in my ears as I came hither."

"I shall send my orders, Sir," said the General haughtily, and Felix left him. Astonishment, rage, and a consciousness of the dishonour that must fall upon his nation from the cowardice, or perhaps treachery of this man, tore his mind with mingled agony as he galloped off. He regained the field of battle when little remained to be done; but he had the happiness of being by the side of his General in time to carry his orders into the middle of the fight, where his sword received its earliest tinge of blood.

But a short time after Felix rejoined the battle, the flight became general in the

French ranks. They fled in panic-struck confusion, leaving on the height, of which they were so short a time the masters, all their artillery, three of their generals (one of whom was killed), and about three thousand five hundred of their men. Many were the heroes who, on this proud day, in falling, aided in raising for England and themselves a monument of eternal fame. Eleven hundred of this comparatively small army were disabled in the fight. Alvarez sighed as he gave the well-earned mead of praise to General Graham and his noble corps; for he felt that the laurels that adorned their brows acquired greater brilliancy from beaming over the dark clouds that had on that day dimmed the Spanish name. (18)

## CHAP. VII.

Meeting of Alvarez and Mosquera.—Character and Employment of the latter.—A French Spy in Cadiz.—Felix leaves Cadiz abrubtly.

ON the night which followed the battle of Barrosa, General Graham passed his little army over the pontoons that had been thrown across the arm of the sea, which renders the Isla de Leon an island. It was after midnight when they got into their quarters in the town, whence they had marched to be embarked about three weeks before with such exhilarating hopes and anticipations. General La Peña had endeavoured to dissuade him from leaving the ground which had been won, though at the same time he refused to follow the scattered army that had been driven

from it. But nothing could induce General Graham to act longer in concert with a man who had deserted him in his greatest need, leaving him to fight alone for the cause which so peculiarly belonged to the nation he came only to assist, and standing by in a manner to see him sacrificed, which the superiority of numbers, and the advantage of position of the enemy, seemed to render inevitable, and which nothing could have averted but the undaunted heroism of his soldiers and their chiefs.

Alvarez rode mournfully over the field of battle. The enthusiastic feelings and eager attention to one point which had occupied him during the contest now subsided, and left him alive only to the miserable situation of his fellow creatures around him. The night had closed, and the moonlight suffering it to cast but a thin curtain over the appearances of pain and death in their most horrid forms, served but to increase the feelings of distress with which he heard the frequent moanings and exclamations of

agony that reached his ear from spots to which his eye could not extend. Impressed with an idea of his own perfect inability to relieve one single object of the many which awakened his compassion, he left the field, and having crossed the temporary bridge he lost no time in reaching the town. He stopped at a posada in the Calle Real, and with some difficulty obtained admittance and a bed.

He slept soundly; and next morning, though it was late when he awoke, he felt no inclination to rise, but allowed his thoughts to retrace the events of the preceding day. Alvarez loved his country; its glory and its liberty were equally dear to him. Patriotism is a feeling implanted in every breast, and in a Spaniard's it takes deep root; but sometimes it branches too widely, and becomes a failing rather than a virtue. A Spaniard early imbibes an opinion that no country is to be compared to Spain, that nothing can be equally perfect any where else, and that every thing foreign

destroys the integrity of the original and revered Spanish character; hence the door is shut to many improvements, because they are looked upon in the light of innovations. Alvarez had formed his standard of the Spanish character from the chivalrous page of Spanish history; he felt enthusiastically, and could not bear to see it degraded by those whose duty it was most to uphold it. For the conduct of General La Peña he could not account but by assigning motives to it which must cast an indelible stain upon his name, and upon that of Spain, as its delegated honour was entrusted to him. In the bitterness of his feelings he considered what must be the opinion entertained by the brave allies who had suffered so much from the supineness of the Spanish army, and the thought filled his soul with shame. Engrossed by these reflections, his attention was attracted by hearing his own name repeated in the patio into which his window opened. He had mentioned it on entering the inn to

the servant who admitted him, and he now heard the same man reply to an inquiry after him:

"Don Felix Alvarez de Cavallero occupies that room, Sir; but he is not yet up."

"I will go to him," was answered in a voice which Alvarez recognised to be that of his friend Mosquera, who in an instant entered the room.

Although Felix's opinion of Don Luis had been in some degree altered by the arguments of Ismena, he allowed no alteration to take place in his manners towards him, and yielding to the impulse which the habit of loving his friend excited, he returned the embrace he received with the warmth with which it was given. Mosquera reproached him with the manner in which he had left Cadiz without admitting him into his confidence; and Alvarez excused himself upon the ground of the suddenness of his appointment to General ——'s staff. His friend was satisfied, or seemed so, and inquired into the circum-

stances of the expedition. Felix, in relating the result of it, launched out into violent reprobation of the conduct of the Spanish General, and was astonished that Luis could suppose that it might be defended.

"I am not sufficiently acquainted with the circumstances yet," said Mosquera; but, depend upon it, he will defend his conduct, and he will not want partizans to uphold him; but let us leave the Gen[illegible] La Peña alone, and talk of a [illegible] of his, who perhaps may interest you more particularly. Have you forgotten Rosa de la Peña?"

"Forgotten her, Luis! how can you ask me such a question?—Alas! I think of her too much. She alone held possession of my mind whenever it was not necessarily occupied by the interest of the passing events. I have thought but of her; I have wished but to be with her."

Felix faltered as he pronounced these last words; for his conscience suddenly told him that he had lately thought quite

as much, if not more, of Ismena as he had done of Rosa. The truth of this recollection passed across his mind, and he felt surprised at it himself.

"What would you do to have news of her?" said Mosquera. "What would you do to see her?"

"Do not trifle with me, Luis; if you have any certain information of Rosa, tell it me at once; but do not distress me by repetition of vague reports that afford but ...s food for hope, sustaining it for a short time to make its death more painful."

"I see, my dear Felix," replied Mosquera, "that your fidelity to this unfortunate girl gives you a claim to know her situation, and to the happiness of befriending her. Had I found your affection cooled, or your inclination to perform the promises you made to her weakened, I should have considered you unworthy of the delight of assisting virtue in distress. I would myself have sacrificed all my prospects, all

my hopes from the promises of the Regency here, to have rescued her from the perilous situation in which she stands. She not only lives, my dear Alvarez, but it depends upon yourself that she should live for you."

Alvarez started from his bed—"For the love of Heaven, Luis, cease to torment me—where is she?"

"She is at Seville. Have patience—listen to me, and I will tell you all I know of her, and how I know it. During the massacre at Madrid, which followed the dreadful second of May, she managed not only to escape the carnage, but to leave the town, and she arrived safely at Seville, where she put herself under the protection and inhabited the house of her aunt, an elderly lady, who, being a widow without children, lived entirely alone. Upon the entrance of the French army into Seville, two French officers were lodged in her aunt's house, and she had the misfortune of exciting an equal interest in the hearts of both. The jarring interests of these

two officers have hitherto rescued her from the fate which must inevitably have attended her had she had to defend herself from one only. But her situation has lately become more dreadful and embarrassing, as the death of her aunt has deprived her of the only appearance of protection which she enjoyed."

An exclamation of horror from Felix followed this well-drawn picture of the situation of the object by which his deluded senses were spell-bound. Mosquera saw that he had completely succeeded in his wish of rousing his feelings to their utmost pitch. To afford an idea of the pleasure which he derived from his success, it is necessary to unmask at once his character and his intentions.

An insulated being in the world, he had feeling for no one but himself, and, unrestrained in the pursuit of his own interest by any principle of honour, he cared not at what sacrifice he secured his own safety, or attained whatever point

he had in view. It is not surprising therefore that no feeling of patriotism should have opposed an obstacle to his becoming a partizan of the puppet-show King, Joseph, when he found that such a measure would not only secure his liberty and life, but would most likely advance his fortune. After the events of the second of May, he sought to ingratiate himself with the French General Grouchy, the monster who was placed at the head of the mock tribunals which were appointed to continue under a mask of legal authority the innumerable murders that followed that day. As a certain means of escaping the risk of becoming one of the victims of the desultory vengeance which they executed, he privately imparted his sentiments in favour of the French party to this General, confirming his allegiance to the cause by an oath; and, to set a seal of blood upon this bond of faith, he proscribed a number of his acquaintances as steady patriots and instigators of the insurrection which had just taken

place. He had the satisfaction of witnessing the blood of these victims flow, as a kind of ratification of the treaty he had entered into. They were brought before the military tribunals, the summary proceedings of which equalled, if they could not surpass, the deeds recorded in the blackest pages in the barbarous annals of the Inquisition: but little sufficed to condemn them; and their inhuman judges, imitating the promptitude with which the guillotine was applied to heads of suspected persons during the French Revolution, sent them from the court to the Puerta del Sol, where, without more time for preparation than that occupied in reaching the place, they were deliberately shot.* No public

* The army of Murat, which occupied Madrid at the period of the insurrection of the people on the 2d of May, 1808, were not contented with sweeping off whole crowds of them by firing grape-shot along the streets, and cutting down every person they met indiscriminately; military tribunals were constituted, before which suspected persons were brought, and

disclosure of the sentiments of Don Luis ever took place; for, his fidelity being relied on, he was appointed to the honourable office of a spy, for the better execution of the duties of which he omitted no opportunity of displaying a hypocritical devotion to the cause of his country.

He did not find it difficult to sustain this double part, and before long he had sufficient opportunity to prove his zeal in the service, and his ability to conduct it. When the French army under Soult had possessed themselves of Andalusia, and laid siege to Cadiz, he was called upon to exert his talents in that city, to collect information, and convey it to the French chiefs by

condemned to immediate executions. The Prado, the Puerta del Sol, and the church of Nuestra Señora de la Soledad, were pitched upon as the theatres of these bloody scenes; and to these spots groups of five-and-twenty, or thirty, at a time, were led, and shot in cool blood, in the presence of the whole city. General Grouchy was the person placed by Murat at the head of these tribunals.

means of French officers, and other persons, who came over continually from the other side for that purpose, by going out to sea from Puerto de Sta. Maria in the night, and getting on board the fishing-boats which supplied Cadiz with fish. The life which he led in this situation was perfectly congenial with his inclinations. His employers enabled him to live in the very first society, and supplied him with the means of gratifying all his desires. The nature of his employment was pleasing to him; it required just as much activity as his mind delighted in; at the same time, this activity was consistent with the indulgence of his passions, in the rank of which gaming stood high. In indulging his passion for gaming, he frequently left himself in a situation from which he forebore to relieve himself by extraordinary calls upon the secret service fund at Soult's head-quarters, lest, by grasping at too much, he should overstretch the mark, and lose not only this source of fortune, but even expose his

life. It was at a moment like this, when a run of ill luck had reduced him to the necessity of raising money some how or other, that accident introduced him to a young man who had lately arrived at Cadiz, and who, having been slightly acquainted with Felix's father, had been charged with a letter from him to his son. This gentleman was at Cadiz only to take a passage in a ship bound to Mexico, and was instructed by Don José Alvarez, should he fail to find his son at Cadiz, to deliver the letter to Don Luis, his friend; and in case both should have left it, he was to leave it at a certain banker's house. A ship being in the harbour which was about to sail for Mexico, the young man went on board of her after only a few days' stay at Cadiz, and having discovered Don Luis de Mosquera, and heard from him of Don Felix's absence, he left the letter in his hands. A suspicion that it might contain money induced Mosquera to open it, and he was not deceived: it related the dis-

tresses of the country, the contributions and impositions with which they were harassed, the cruelty of the tyrants who were ruling them with a rod of iron, and ended by stating, that in consequence of the great probability that existed, that they should be robbed of every thing they had which could be carried away, he had with great difficulty procured an order on a banker at Cadiz for all the money that remained of that which he had saved since his first commencing the management of his farm. This order he enclosed to Felix, desiring him to place the amount in safety, which no other place than Cadiz afforded, to be kept as a resource, should the extremities of the French army induce him and his daughter to abandon their quinta. The iron heart of Mosquera was touched by no feeling of compassion for the distress which he might occasion to the family of his friend by his rapacity. He took the order, and received the money; and his mind was only occupied in discovering the means of

preventing Felix from being acquainted with his villany, until it should be out of his power to redress himself. He had good reasons for believing that the expedition on which he was employed would end in a manner very different from what the projectors of it anticipated; whatever was the result, he knew there would be a battle; and calculating, besides, the chance of bullets in his favour, the odds were, that Alvarez would never come back to Cadiz. He was indeed astonished to hear of the discomfiture of the French army; and throwing himself into a caleza, he hastened to the Isla de Leon, to discover the state of things politically, and individually the fate of Felix. He found that Alvarez was not with General ——; but, from inquiry of the officers of his staff, he heard that he had survived the battle, and was most likely at some posada in the town. It was not long before he discovered the one at which he slept, and we have seen what success attended his endeavours to prepare

the mind of his friend to receive the proposal he was about to make to him. All he aimed at was to get him to leave Cadiz before a meeting with the banker from whom he received the money, and to whom Felix had originally brought letters of introduction, should make him acquainted with the robbery which he had committed. He had still to overcome the repugnance which he knew Alvarez would feel to the idea of neglecting the cause of his country in which he was engaged, and of remaining amongst the enemies to it. Once amongst them he had no further fear; he could privately recommend him to the *particular attention* of some of his friends in the French army; and he doubted not that his recommendation would be sufficient.

On every point he was more successful than he had expected. The state of mind in which he found Felix, deeply impressed with the idea of the stigma that would attach to the Spanish name from the con-

duct of its General at the battle of Barrosa was an easy preparation for the admission of his plan: Mosquera saw this, and pretending to be convinced by Alvarez's statement of the facts; he painted in glowing colours the contempt and anger with which the inhabitants of Cadiz would look upon every individual concerned in an expedition, the failure of which had disappointed all their high-raised hopes of emancipation from the presence of a cruel and usurping enemy, and stigmatized their army with shame. Then, without appearing to connect the ideas, he referred again to the perilous situation of the unhappy Rosa in Seville, and finished his picture by hinting at the miseries which his father and sister might be suffering, inhabiting a country under the control of the French.

"Gracious heavens! what can I do? how can I relieve them? What have I been doing in this detestable place so long, whilst my dear Albertina has, perhaps, been suf-

fering all the horrors to which the unfortunate Rosa is exposed? Why did I ever leave my father's house?"

"Do not waste your time in idle exclamations," said Mosquera; "I did not come here wantonly to afflict you, without offering you the means of assisting, not only Rosa, but your father and your sister. I can put you in a way of crossing the bay, and flying to the relief both of your mistress and your family; but to do so, you must consent to conceal the noble sentiments of patriotism which actuate you, and suffer yourself for a short time to be considered as a partisan of that cause which it is your object to crush."

"Explain yourself—what do you mean?"

"Providence has placed in my hands the power of enabling you to leave Cadiz this night, and of proceeding immediately to Seville. Whilst I was at Madrid, when my avowed sentiments of patriotism had made me a suspicious object to the bloody police of the French, I was concealed and saved

from the certain death which would have awaited my discovery, by the friendship of a young French officer. Upon leaving him, I swore never to forget the service he had rendered me. This young man, with a zeal that would amount to heroism, if employed in a better cause, has introduced himself into Cadiz as a beggar, which his perfect knowledge of our language enables him to do, for the purpose of obtaining information with respect to the expedition that has just terminated, in order to transmit it to the French army. I met him this morning as I was leaving the town; he avoided me, but his features were too deeply engraven on my memory to be forgotten, and I recognized him through the disguise which he wore. Finding he was detected, he threw himself on my mercy, and put me in mind of my obligation to him. Could I refuse the appeal?—No; but to reconcile my gratitude with my duty to my country, I made his leaving Cadiz this night the condition of

his safety during this day. He accepted the condition, and is to go off in a fishing-boat after nightfall. You shall go with him.—All you have to do is to feign yourself to him a convert to his cause until you arrive: once on the other side you may leave him; and neutrality, as a simple individual of the country, will be sufficient to ensure your safety. To enable you to put this plan into execution my purse is at your service. I am anxious to overcome every obstacle to your success."

The unhappy Alvarez was impelled by the violence of his feelings to accede to all his friend proposed. He was not sufficiently cool to reason. He trembled with anxiety for the fate of Rosa; he ardently longed to join his father and sister. He saw a plan which seemed to offer a prospect of attaining the two objects of his wishes, and he consented to it without discussing it. By the advice of Mosquera he went to General ——, expressed his gratitude to him and to Captain M——

for the kindness and attention he had received from them, stated his intention of embarking that evening in a vessel about to sail for Lisbon, and regretted that his affairs did not allow him to take any further advantage of their goodness.

On his return to the posada, the two friends dined together previous to their setting off for Cadiz. Mosquera was afraid to allow Alvarez to consider his project in any other light than that in which he had already seen it; and he endeavoured to keep his mind fixed upon Rosa, and upon his family. But Captain M—— had touched upon a string which awakened another train of thought. He had talked of Ismena, an image which Mosquera had purposely avoided presenting to his mind. Of all the women whom Alvarez had familiarly known, or from whom he had received attentions in Cadiz, not one had made an impression sufficiently deep to be even remembered when he left it. Ismena was a single exception, and had he been able to

investigate his feelings, he would have found that the circumstance of his having forgotten all the other of those ephemeral affections, those mushroom ardours, which spring up in the hot-bed of Cadiz, was accounted for by the entire possession which this one had taken of his heart. His love for Rosa was a passion of the senses, he had been separated from the object of it while his imagination was yet warm; but though her image might have faded from his mind by the effects of absence, yet it was diligently kept up and renewed by the strong principle of honour by which he was guided, by the idea of her affection for him, and the sufferings which he believed her to be enduring. Even with the assistance of these powerful supporters, however, the fire might have wasted, had not the chivalrous idea of the romance of their situations kindly come to the aid of the flame, and kept it at the degree of its original warmth. He had fallen in love with Rosa's personal attractions, and his ima-

gination gave her all the mind which her manners seemed to indicate. Ismena was established in his heart in a manner exactly the reverse of this. Her person was the last thing with which he was pleased; and he did not remark the beauties of it until the propriety of her opinions, the gentleness and polish of her manners, and the interest she took in his welfare, had excited in his heart that feeling which enabled him to see beauty where it did not force itself upon common beholders. He was surprised and even vexed with himself, when he found the feelings she had excited interfere with the passion he professed for Rosa. He would have considered it dishonourable for him to love her; but he could not refuse his heart the sensations of delight, the source of which he had hid from himself under the name of gratitude for the services she had rendered him, and her kind wishes for his good.

Alvarez imparted to Mosquera his intention of seeing Ismena to take leave of her;

but his friend strongly objected to it. "Remember, Alvarez," said he, "she is not bound by the same tie of gratitude to preserve the life of this French officer that I am, and you would make me guilty of a wretchedly mean prevarication in promising not to betray him, yet revealing his secret in a manner by which he will be betrayed: she would be guided in sacrificing this young man by another and a stronger motive than patriotism. She loves you, Felix, and she knows she has a rival; by preventing you from leaving Cadiz, which would be effected by revealing the situation of this officer, she would at once secure two objects very necessary to a woman in love; she would remove the object of her affection from her rival, and keep him near herself."

"You wrong her, Luis; she is incapable of such baseness."

The subject was discussed in the caleza on the road from the Isla de Leon to Cadiz, and it was decided that Felix should

not see Ismena, but that he might write to her, and that Mosquera would convey the letter. To this the latter assented without difficulty, as it depended on his agency for the delivery of the letter, which consequently need never reach its destination.

On arriving at Cadiz Mosquera left Alvarez in a miserable coffee-house in the Barrio de Santa Maria to write his letter to Ismena, and promised to return to him in an hour. Alvarez commenced his letter with a sincere effusion of gratitude and affection; and feeling that some account was due to her for his conduct, in neglecting the advantages which her kindness had procured for him, he stated, in a few words, the cause of his leaving Cadiz, and the manner of his doing it; taking care, however, not to compromise his friend by mentioning any names. He took an affectionate farewell of her; then closed and sealed his letter. He found when he had done, that nearly half an hour remained

before the return of Mosquera; and in the present agitated state of his spirits he was annoyed by the rude noise of the people who occupied the tables in the coffee-room around him. He therefore employed the time which had yet to elapse, in walking on the glacis of the town. In passing through the Puerta de Tierra he met Señora Ana, the dueña of Ismena. His inquiries after her mistress were answered by accounts of her having suffered a severe illness for the last week, and that she was still in a dangerous state. He felt strongly tempted to break his promise to his friend, but he resisted the temptation; he entrusted, however, the letter he had just written to the old woman, and charging her with affectionate messages he left her.

He returned to the coffee-house before his friend appeared; the evening had closed in, and it was quite dark when Mosquera entered. He told Felix, that he had met the person he sought, whose name, he informed him, was Leblanc; and that he was

prepared to receive him. He then instructed him how to act, and upon what footing he was to consider himself with him. "Very little conversation," he continued, "will pass between you before you are landed at Puerto de Sta. Maria, on account of the boatmen, who are but partially confided in; but when you arrive you will most likely be taken to the Commandant there, to whom you are to represent yourself as friendly to the French cause, and wishing to attach yourself to King Joseph's court; for which purpose you wish to go to Madrid. If you are not agitated in this examination, Leblanc has promised me that you shall have liberty to go where you choose."

Alvarez sighed, and began to feel an alarm that he might be forced into the French service; but, assured by Mosquera that no force would be used, he allowed himself to be led. Mosquera gave him a purse of gold, and took from him an order on the banker for the remains of his credit

on him. Luis could not conceal the expression of his disappointment and anger, when Felix told him how he had disposed of his letter to Ismena; but afraid of alarming his suspicions, and inwardly cursing the unlucky star that had thrown the dueña in his way, he turned it off as well as he could.

The church of San Juan de Dios struck eight as they descended the steps leading to the market-place from the Muralla. "Do not be surprised," said Luis, "at the disguise of Leblanc; he is dressed as a beggar. I have a piece of money in my hand which he has marked; take it, and when I point out the man drop it into his hat, and pass on through the Puerta del Mar; he will overtake you, and you must follow him to a boat, which will receive you both." Alvarez took the money in silence, and they entered the market-place. "Do you see that beggar," said Mosquera, "at the corner of the entrance from the Mole, standing upon crutches, and offering

his hat to receive charity from the passer-by?" (19)

The light of a lamp suspended from the rail-work of a fruit-stall fell full upon the figure to which the attention of Alvarez was called. "That is Leblanc," continued Mosquera in a whisper; "now God bless you, and may success and happiness attend you." Felix pressed his hand warmly, and stepping forward let drop the piece of money in the hat of the beggar; and fancying that every living being in the market-place was looking at him, and was aware of his intentions, he hastened forward and turned into an arch of the gateway. Under the dark shade this threw over him he stopped, and looking back he saw the beggar examining the piece of money at the light of the fruit-stall. He presently left it, and Felix heard the noise of his crutches advancing through the archway. He passed Alvarez, and went on almost to the end of the Mole, when he stopped, and turning round, "Don Felix?" said he. "I am

he," replied Alvarez. "Then enter this boat." Felix jumped in: the beggar followed him, and the boatman, without waiting for orders, put off from the Mole.

## CHAP. VIII.

Dangerous Situation.—Reliance on Patron Saints. —Proverbial Turn in the Talk of the common People of Spain.—Patriotic Song.—Huelba.—Oppression of the Spaniards.

THE rapid manner in which Alvarez had been hurried into so extraordinary and novel a situation had afforded him but little time to consider what might possibly be the result of his conduct. Remembering Luis's hint, that silence was necessary before the boatmen, of whom there were two, he had not addressed a syllable to Leblanc since they had entered the boat, but had fallen into a réverie, from which he was roused by the voice of a man from a boat they were passing, which, issuing from a speaking-trumpet, demanded who they

were, and desired them to stop. There was a demur between the boatmen and Leblanc, and the latter abused the former for not having taken a larger circle, for the purpose of avoiding the guard-boat. The demand was repeated, and Leblanc replied to it by a confused jumble of inarticulate sounds, uttered in a voice sufficiently loud to induce the persons in the guard-boat to suppose they were rendered indistinct by distance. By the time the application was again made, they were really too far removed to enable them to distinguish the words; and turning their sail a little more to the wind, they passed swiftly on without receiving any further challenge. "Thus it it is that these indolent and ignorant people," said Leblanc, "are laughed at in their very faces, and are made to admit the passage of our nightly boats, when, with a proper degree of caution, they could render this means of obtaining information almost impossible."

The blood rose to Felix's cheek, and he

was deliberating with himself, during the silence which followed this speech, whether or not to reply to it, when an accident of another nature, and more serious in its consequences, diverted the course of his thoughts. The night was very dark, it being some hours before the rising of the moon, and the stars were hidden by clouds. In the first impulse of fear and surprise at the challenge from the guard-boat, the boatman had put up the helm; and when, by the order of Leblanc, he proceeded to renew his course, the darkness of the night deceived him; he did not sufficiently alter the direction of the boat's head, and having passed the guard-boat a considerable way, with a fresh breeze in their favour, the boat struck violently upon the extreme point of the Porpoises, a ridge of low rocks that lie about one quarter of the way across the bay, in a direction parallel with the walls of the town, between which and the rocks the passage is very shallow, except in high tides. In a moment the sail

was down; the boat, which had receded with the violence of the blow, was turned off from the rock, and before Felix could recover his seat, from which the shock had thrown him, they were steering towards the middle of the bay. But a few moments convinced them of the impossibility of proceeding far in the boat; the blow against the rock had forced in one of its planks, and the water rushed in through the opening it had made.

When this was discovered, despair took possession of the hearts of all who were in the boat; but the effect which it produced was different in the different persons. There was a momentary pause—it was interrupted by ejaculations of rage from Leblanc, who poured a torrent of abuse upon the principal boatman, intermixed with blasphemous oaths. Responsive abuse and recrimination were vociferated by the Spaniard, in a tone which seemed intended to overpower the voice of the Frenchman, as much as he exceeded his language in pro-

faneness. By degrees their words increased in violence, and were rendered unintelligible to each other by mingling in one confusion of curses. Alvarez began to fear that this conflict would end in an anticipation, to one or other, of the death which was fast approaching, and endeavoured to separate them by drawing their attention to the possibility of keeping the boat above water until they could reach the guard-boat, or perhaps the Puerta de San Carlos. Upon examination it was found, that the plank could only have been started, and admitted the water in at the sides; for had it been forced quite in, they could not have remained a minute above water. She was filling fast, but by baling they might so lessen the body of water in her, that they might float till they attained some help. His words had the desired effect, and though he expected but little from the result, they all united their exertions in the work, the idea of which had admitted a ray of hope into their hearts. The second

boatman, who had seized a rosary of large beads that hung round his neck under his clothes, and had increased as much as he could the noise of the enraged disputants by repeating his Ave Marias as loud as he possibly could bawl, in the vain hope of inducing his patron saint to interpose in his behalf, and save him from the impending fate, now relinquished his pious prayers, and came to the assistance of Alvarez and Leblanc, who were occupied in throwing out the water with all the rapidity which a small bowl and a hat would enable them to do, whilst the head boatman re-established the sail upon the mast. But their work seemed unavailing; the die of Fate appeared to be cast. The tide was running out of the harbour; and the wind, of which there was a good deal, was blowing directly from the point that they wished to reach.

The discovery of this circumstance was made by the boatman to his labouring fellows in distress, and produced at once a cessation of their work, and an extinction

of the last spark of hope. A mournful silence prevailed, which was only interrupted by a profane ejaculation of the name of the Deity in French by Leblanc, while Alvarez inwardly and fervently implored his mercy and his aid. The gurgling of the water, which now covered a considerable part of their legs, seemed to announce the near approach of the moment when it would overwhelm them altogether; and the boat continued on its way, though its progress was much retarded by the additional weight which it had to carry.

"Santa Maria, Madre de Dios!"* exclaimed the boatman, "I heard a noise upon the wind."

Every head was raised, every ear attentive, and every eyelid stretched to the utmost limit of the orb which it contained, in a vain endeavour to pierce the darkness which surrounded them. Not a movement

* "Holy Mary, Mother of God!" a common exclamation in Spain.

was made in the boat to interrupt the dead silence which prevailed; and after anxiously attending for some minutes, they distinctly caught the rude accents of the noisy song of some helmsman, who was occupying his lungs to prevent himself from sleeping as his vessel scudded along before the wind. The sounds of the lyre of Orpheus could not have been more harmonious to the ears of Eurydice, when she heard them as her ransom from Hell, than was the voice of this sailor to the ears of the hopeless group in the boat; nor could the despair of Orpheus at seeing his lost love recede from his sight at the moment he thought to regain her, equal that which was felt by this group, as they found this voice die away, and take with it their only chance of life.

"Can we make no signal sufficiently loud to attract their notice?" said Felix.

"The wind is against our voices being heard by them," replied the boatman, "though it brings theirs to us."

"I have a signal," cried Leblanc, "which

perhaps they may hear;" and he drew a pistol from his bosom and fired it off. The whole group then mingled their voices as loud as they could in reiterated calls, while Leblanc reloaded his pistol and fired it off repeatedly, until he had exhausted the little ammunition he had with him.

Again all was silent, and they had begun to give up the hope of having made themselves heard, when they distinctly traced the sound of a distant shout, which seemed responsive to their own. Again they strained their voices to repeat the signal, and again they were answered.

An exclamation of joy burst from every lip. A chance of being saved presented itself; and the moment the door was opened to Hope, she rushed in impetuously, until their eager imaginations saw no doubt of their being rescued from their perilous situation. Felix, however, repressed this violent joy. "They will come too late," said he mournfully; "we cannot float many minutes longer." The boat, indeed, filled

continually, and the water was rising fast to the boards on which they sat. But their deliverers approached, and they resumed the work of baling. To retard the progress of the water for a single instant was of consequence; they therefore employed at once both their throats and their hands.

It was a large felucca which their signals had attracted, and it was at last sufficiently near for its crew to understand their dreadful situation. But the boat was now perceptibly sinking, and, with deliverance at hand, it was hardly possible that she should keep above water until it reached them. They explained the extremity of the danger; they heard the hissing of the waves as they were rapidly cut by the keel of the felucca: they saw the bright foam of the separated water; one moment more, and they are safe. It was yet doubtful whether that moment would give them life, or take it from them.

"All-merciful God be praised!" said Alvarez, seizing a rope cast from the fe-

lucca as it came up to them, while, at the same time, the lateen sail being let go, and the helm put up, its rapid progress was suddenly stopped.

"Another rope, another rope!"

It was given, and at the same instant the felucca striking against the boat gave it the impulsion it already required not. It sunk, but not before Alvarez and his companions had either seized hold of the tackling, or jumped into the vessel which preserved them.

Safe in the felucca, Alvarez most fervently returned thanks to the Almighty Providence which had stretched out his hand to preserve them in such peril. The Spaniards were liberal in thanks to the men who had been the means of their preservation; and the one who had so heartily betaken himself to his rosary, loudly declared that they had been directed to the spot, and brought within hearing of their shouts, by San Antonio, to whom he had addressed his prayers in their greatest

need, and had promised to record the miracle of their preservation by causing it to be painted, and fixed in his church at Cadiz, if he would perform it; which promise, he had no doubt, had been the inducement which had brought the Saint to their assistance; and he was peculiarly strengthened and confirmed in this opinion by the circumstance of the name of the felucca being the *San Antonio y las Animas*.* While explanation and thanks were occupying the others, Leblanc was framing the story which he should have to pass off upon the master of the felucca; for, entirely absorbed by the more immediate danger from which they had escaped, they had never contemplated the more remote danger from which, perhaps, they might not escape, should their real destination have been discovered. The thought, however,

* "St. Antony and the departed Souls." A name very commonly given to the small craft of Cadiz; San Antonio being the patron saint of the city.

was suddenly brought to all their minds at once by the master of the vessel asking them where they were bound for, when they struck upon the Porpoises. They were all silent at this question; but Leblanc was prepared, and before the embarrassment that it caused could be discovered, he told him that they were poor inhabitants of Huelba, (20) who gained their livelihood by taking fruit in their boat to the market of Cadiz, from a voyage of which kind they were returning. Leblanc's boatman, taking up the cue, proceeded to relate, in the seaman's phrases, in what manner, through the darkness of the night, they had mistaken their course and run upon the Porpoises, which produced a discussion between the two boatmen as to which had the superior knowledge of the navigation of the bay. To a question put by the master of the felucca, whether the French annoyed them much at Huelba, Leblanc replied that there was generally a small detachment stationed at Moguer, only a

short distance from them, and that sometimes a whole regiment came into the town to enforce requisitions; but that, except upon such occasions, they were quiet enough, and were not molested in loading their boats, and leaving the river; although with the avowed intention of sailing for Cadiz. Under these circumstances, which the credulous sailor implicitly believed, he consented to go a little out of his course, which was directed to Ayamonte, for the purpose of landing them at the Torre de Humbria, which stands at the point of land at the mouth of the Rio Tinto.

Alvarez conceived that all that could be wished for was obtained by this concession on the part of the master of the vessel; he was therefore surprised to hear Leblanc ask him to carry them up the river, and land them at Huelva, assuring him of the perfect safety with which he might go to that place, giving him as a reason for his request that they were anxious to recompense him by the only means in their

power for the important service he had rendered them by giving him a couple of baskets of the fruit which their companions would have collected as a cargo for the next trip. The man was at first unwilling to retard his own voyage; but the temptation of the present had the effect which attention to the convenience of those he had saved had failed to produce; and reassuring himself that he had nothing to fear from his compliance, he agreed to go up to Huelva, which is situated about a league and a half up a broad branch of the sea, where it is met by the river Odiel.

This point being settled, Alvarez and Leblanc relapsed into silence. The boatmen, having procured segars, and struck a light, were enjoying the happiness of puffing the smoke through their mouths, or allowing it to regain the open air through their nostrils, after having passed through and warmed the whole of their stomachs: (21) and the master of the felucca, at the helm, resumed the occupation of singing

a tirana which had been the salvation of the party in the foundered boat by giving them notice of his vessel being near them.

" *Amigo*," said young Antonio, the boatman through whose interference with his saint the miracle of their preservation had been wrought, " I shall always have the greatest respect for that *chilindrina* * that you are singing there—seeing that it was the song which the blessed San Antonio put into your mouth, when it pleased him to make you sing loud enough for us to hear you; and, truth to say, he pitched upon the fittest fellow in Andalusia for his purpose, being he that could make the most noise when he sung. I would rather hear your voice at sea when it brings us help than in a *bodegon*.† But it's an ill-wind that blows nobody any good; and we should not speak ill of your wind, for it has blown us good enough."

* *Chilindrina* means a compendium of droll nonsense.

† A pothouse.

"*Por vida de San Geronimo,*"* replied the helmsman, "you would'nt have joked at my singing half an hour ago; but St. Antony has saved you from his water only to give you his fire: the *Fuego de San Anton* seems to have got hold of your tongue, perhaps through that segar that you've just smoked to the lips."

"Well thought of," said Antonio, "you will replenish it with a *puro*."†

"You won't starve whilst your neighbour's got bread, young man. Santiago, my comrade, has got them; you must apply to him for them."

"What are you only two of you in the felucca?" said Antonio, as he roused Santiago.

"*Compañia de dos compañia de Dios,*" replied the steersman.‡ His comrade pro-

* "By the life of St. Gerome." The lower order of Spaniards very generally swear by the lives of their saints."

† See Note (21).

‡ The conversation of the common people of Spain abounds with popular phrases of this kind.

duced some segars and they were offered round.

" *Señores,*" said the master of the vessel, " although our comrade there does disparage my voice, I see no objection to enlivening a dull hour with it.—What say you to a song for Spain?—*Españoles la Patria oprimida,* for instance, and you shall all join in the chorus." (22)

Without waiting for a further approval of his proposal than that which silence gave, he began his song.

Aroused by war's echoing blast
See Chivalry raises his head;
In his slumber whole ages have pass'd,
The infidel banners his bed.
As he swept from Iberia the Moorish band
With the lightning that plays on his lance,
Th'usurper that threatens his native land
Shall be struck with despair at his glance.

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The one now made use of literally means " A company formed of two is a godly company;" that is, it will go on well. A proverb probably correspondent to the English one, " Too many cooks spoil the broth."

CHORUS.

Oh, rescue thy country from slavery!
Remember the days that are gone:
Let each Spaniard outrival in bravery
The deeds that his fathers have done.

When Chivalry shone in past ages,
E'en the weak arm of woman he nerved:
And Saguntum's red walls are the pages
That mark who her freedom preserved.
But when History tells of the merit
Thy matrons, Saguntum, disclose,
Zaragosa shall boast of the spirit
In her own Augustina * that glows.

CHORUS.

Oh, rescue thy country from slavery!
Remember the days that are gone;
Let each Spaniard outrival in bravery
The deeds that his fathers have done.

The moon was rising as they finished their song, and it was not long before it completely dispelled the darkness which had hitherto surrounded them. They were

* The heroine of Zaragosa.

now quite out at sea; and as the wind was fair, and they anticipated a voyage of three or four hours longer, they all endeavoured to sleep out the rest of the way.

The moonlight was contending with the influence of the approaching rays of the sun when they entered the mouth of the Rio Tinto, and passed the Torre de Larenilla, and it was scarcely daylight when the felucca came to the little stream upon which Huelva stands, less than a quarter of a mile from the town. The tide was nearly at its height, and the felucca was brought to at the side of a number of stones, which, being thrown down confusedly, formed a kind of rude pier.

Leblanc told the master that he would land with Felix, whose dress precluded the possibility of his passing for one of their companions, and who was therefore stated to be a gentleman resident at Moguer, who had returned with them from Cadiz, leaving the other boatmen on board the felucca, until he should awake

his companions, and ascertain that there was no danger from any recent arrival of French troops. This arrangement seemed rather to please the master of the vessel; who, perhaps, imagined that had they all left him, they might have evaded the performance of their promise as to the present of fruit, by not returning, satisfied with having been brought to their homes. without any trouble: Leblanc and Felix, therefore, stepped ashore, and proceeded towards the town.

"What is your object in detaining these men here," said Felix, as they walked along.

"To secure their boat for our service," replied Leblanc, "and to punish them for their patriotic song into the bargain. I would have effected this myself, without seeking other assistance, but that there is no relying on those rascals that brought us from Cadiz: they might as readily have taken it into their heads to befriend them as to assist us; and besides I have fired off

all the contents of my pistol in making signals. I have, however, given those fellows a hint to keep them there till I return; and upon the chance of their obeying my instructions depends the success of the enterprize."

Alvarez, with difficulty, checked the expression of the feelings to which this speech gave rise. But he made a timely reflection that he was entirely in the power of a man who, if he made no scruple of breaking the strongest ties of gratitude, and repaying the gift of life with robbery and insult, and perhaps death, how much less would he restrain his resentment where no such claims existed. He was silent the rest of the way; and his companion was too much occupied with his plan to enter into conversation with him, or to make any observation on his silence.

Upon entering the town, early as it was, they met a French soldier, to whom Leblanc made himself known, and was conducted by him to an officer's quarters.

They entered, and Alvarez remained alone in one room for some time, whilst Leblanc went into another, which was the bed-room of the officer. When the conference was finished, they both joined Alvarez, who had some difficulty in recognising his companion from Cadiz. His beggar's dress had remained unaltered during the whole of the voyage, excepting only that he had thrown away his crutches, and his hat had gone down in the foundered boat. He now appeared in a blue uniform, with red facings, which he had borrowed from the officer; he wore a forage cap on his head, and had drawn a pair of common loose white trowsers over the ragged pantaloons, which were, before, his only covering. Thus metamorphosed, he accosted Alvarez, and introduced him to M. de Montlieu.

"Come," continued he, "we have nothing further to do here.—Montlieu will take care of our friends in the felucca, and charges himself to make the master sing

*Españoles la Patria oprimida* to a different tune.

Leblanc took Alvarez to the house of the Alcalde, whose family he roused without ceremony. Having been admitted, he demanded to see the Alcalde, who did not detain them long, but appeared almost immediately, not having waited to cover himself with any thing but his capa, or long cloak.

"Señor Alcalde," said Leblanc, "we have had a cold and a troublesome voyage of it all night. You must get us, without delay, as good a breakfast as the town affords; we must have your best chocolate, some eggs, and whatever cold meat can be obtained: we cannot wait for any thing better. Let your servants do this, and do you go yourself, in the mean time, and procure us the two best horses in the town, and a guide mounted upon a third, or a mule that will do as well: we must go off in half an hour to Puerto de Santa Maria."

The Alcalde bowed, and promised that the breakfast should be prepared as soon as possible; but he ventured to remark, that every horse had been put in requisition for the use of the French army, and that he feared he should not be able to procure one; that he knew but of one, which was too small to be of any use, and was besides absent; but that if mules would do, they should be forthcoming at the appointed time.

"I believe you have generally done your duty pretty well," replied Leblanc, "and let these mules be such as will enable me to continue the same praise; but let no time be lost; if in half an hour they are not at the door, I must employ our own men to procure them."

The threat was formidable to the Alcalde, who too well knew what would be the consequences of such an alternative. Felix and Leblanc set down to the repast which was placed before them; and while they were partaking of it, the latter em-

ployed his wit in jokes at the situation of the men in the boat, whom he had provided for, he said; while the former was not able to force a smile upon his countenance, but sat in mute horror at the abject state of his beloved country, and the conduct of the sbirri of the vain-glorious tyrant under whose yoke it groaned.

They were not made to wait for the mules, which, with a guide, were ready before they had finished their breakfast. "We have made this house an inn," said Felix, as they rose to depart, it is but fair that we should pay the reckoning." Leblanc laughed at his simplicity, and with a taunting speech at the Alcalde, who appeared at the door to conduct them, he peremptorily forbid Felix to entertain the idea of paying for what they had had.

As they were mounting, Montlieu came up to them, and informed them, that apparently the boatmen who had brought them from Cadiz had turned traitors, and revealed the truth; for that the felucca had

left the pier when the soldiers arrived, and was seen at a considerable distance beating down the river; "but," added he, "some active fellows lost no time in manning a couple of boats, with which they will most likely overtake them."—"God forbid!" said Felix inwardly, whilst his companion loudly expressed an opposite wish, accompanied by an oath; which, turning round, he repeated to the peasant who was to guide them, assuring him, at the same time, of a most severe punishment if he did not take them to Port St. Mary's by the nearest road, and in the shortest time.

"*Arré Mula*," said the peasant in reply, and the obedient animals set off at a brisk amble.

# NOTES.

Note (1), Page 3.

To prevent the ill-effects arising from the use of ice, when the blood is in a heated state, the masters of the neverias in Cadiz, and I believe in all the larger towns in the south of Spain, are forbidden to sell it until after eight o'clock in the evening. This prohibition would appear unnecessary as unfounded, from the custom of Italy, not disregarded in England, of serving ice after dancing. *Agraz* is a very agreeable and refreshing drink, made of the juice of unripe grapes.

Note (2), p. 11.

The various appellations which are given to the Virgin Mary by the Roman Catholics afford an equal variety of changes upon the name of Maria, so frequently bestowed on their girls. If every Spanish woman who was christened

after the Virgin, was to be generally designated by the name of Maria, much confusion amongst friends, and even families, would be the consequence, which is happily avoided by the universal custom prevailing in Spain of calling them by that appellation of the Virgin by which they were baptized. Thus, Maria de los Dolores (our Lady of Griefs) is called always *Dolores* (Griefs); Maria de la Conception (Maria of Conception) is only known as *Conception;* Maria de la Luz (the Virgin of Light), as *Luz* (Light), and so on. The variety of these appellations is very great; so much so, that I never heard them numbered. Mr. Southey, in a passage of his writings, relative to the Peninsula, to express their great but undetermined number, says 1001, in allusion to the 1001 nights; and those who have resided long in Spain will have found persons named by them all, and called always by the appellation, and not by the name of the Virgin. There are Marias de los Mercedes (of Mercies); de las Angustias (of Sorrows); de la Paz (of Peace); del Carmen (of Mount Carmen); del Pilar (of the Pillar); de Jesus, and ladies christened thus are called *Jesusa;* and a long list of et cæteras: but one of the most singular, though not one of the most

common, is *Maria de la O*, simply the letter *O*. There are various reasons assigned for this appellation; the Article in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 32, upon Mr. Koster's Travels in Brazil, notices them. Persons bearing this name afford one exception to the general custom which makes the appellation supersede the name of Maria in common conversation. I have met with only two ladies so christened in Spain, and they were both called *Maria de la O* at length by their friends.

Note (3), p. 24.

The inhabitants of the City of Cadiz formed themselves into a volunteer corps, amounting to 8000 effective men. They were remarkably well organized, and performed the duty of the garrison during the siege.

Note (4), p. 25.

These words are adapted to one of those beautiful and inspiring airs, which, by their being so universally sung by all ranks of people throughout Spain during the course of the Revolution, have acquired a just title to be ranked as national. Although most of them must be

considered pleasing by every lover of music who has an opportunity of hearing them, yet their beauty can only be appreciated by those who have heard them sung in harmony by whole crowds of Spaniards, and have witnessed the enthusiastic effect produced by them upon the singer and the hearers. "*España de la guerra*," here referred to, is one of the most favourite and most frequently sung. The words inserted in the text are not a translation from the Spanish, some stanzas of which are here subjoined for the readers who may be acquainted with the Spanish language:

España de la guerra
Tremola sa pendon,
Contra el poder infame
Del vil Napoleon.
Sus crimenes oid,
Escuchad la traicion,
Con que á la faz del mundo
Se ha cubierto de horror.

CORO.

A la guerra, á la guerra, Españoles,
Muera Napoleon;
Y viva el Rey Fernando,
La patria y religion.

En la alianza estrecha
De amistad socolor
Exércitos armados
A ocuparla mandó.
  Las Plazas y los Fuertes
Con ellos guarneció,
Y Murat los reales
En Madrid asentó.
    A la guerra, &c.

Con perfidia inaudita
A Bayona llamó
A nuestro Rey Fernando
De España nuevo sol.
  A sus padres y hermanos
Tambien los convocó
Y presa hace de todos
Qual sangriento leon.
    A la guerra, &c.

Luego que allí los tuvo
A Fernando obligó
A abdicar la corona
A su padre y señor.
  Carlos quarto en seguida,
La dá á Napoleon,
Y éste á Josef su hermano
Al punto la cedió.
    A la guerra, &c.

Por medios tan iniqüos
Y engaños que forjó
De sus derechos reales
A todos despojó.
Y para conseguirlo,
De acuerdo caminó
Con un patricio indigno
El pérfido Godoy.
A la guerra, &c.

La Regencia del Reyno
A Murat se le dió,
Quien el Gobierno y Leyes
Al punto trastornó.
Comete mil excesos,
Atenta al mismo Dios,
Y destruir pretende
La santa religion.
A la guerra, &c.

De todas las riquezas
Murat se apoderó,
Y con segura escolta
A Francia las mandó.
Esparce mil papeles
De horrible seduccion,
Y hace ver con descaro
De su amo la traicion.
A la guerra, &c.

Así del gran Fernando
A la España privó,
Y hacérsela su esclava
Para siempre pensó.
  Mas no la logrará,
Que armada de valor
En masa se levanta
Por vengar la traicion.
    A la guerra, &c.

Perecerán las glorias
De toda su nacion
Al denodado impulso
Del esfuerzo Español.
  Y él mismo entre pesares
Angustias y afliccion
Será víctima triste
De su ciega ambicion.
    A la guerra, &c.

Recuerdos de Sagunto
Excite nuestro ardor,
Y qual ella perezca
Todo buen Español.
  A Numancia imitad
Renuévese su horror,
Y antes que ser esclavos
Muramos con honor.
    A la guerra, &c.

Note (5), p. 28.

The offices of hard labour, in the principal towns of Spain and Portugal, but particularly at the sea ports, are all performed by natives of Gallicia. The Gallegos are a hardy and contented race of people. The poorer orders generally leave their country at an early age, and emigrate to these towns, where they employ themselves as porters; and having acquired a small sum of money, which they amass with the greatest economy, they return to their native province, and establish themselves by purchasing a small piece of ground, on which they live the remainder of their lives. The strength of these men is so wonderful as hardly to be credible to those who have not witnessed its effects. Four of them make no difficulty of carrying a pipe of wine, by suspending it upon two short poles between them. The warehousing of goods from vessels is often entirely performed by these people without the assistance of beasts of burthen. Nor is their honesty less remarkable than their strength. It is no unusual thing to see a common Gallego porter carrying bags of dollars through the streets of Cadiz, unaccompanied by the proprietor of them. A mer-

chant, having to receive money at different houses, makes no scruple of giving the sum received at one to a common Gallego, who plies at the corner of the street for work, to carry to his house, while he proceeds to another in search of more; he is certain to find his dollars safely deposited upon returning home.

Note (6), p. 28.

The Golden Key is not an hereditary honour, but is conferred by the King; it is generally given to the eldest sons of grandees, and is considered as a first step for them to more distinguished honors. The grant originates in the sovereign, but he does not give them the key itself, which they provide at their own expense. The privilege which the key-wearers enjoy is merely that of approaching the King's person (*de entrar en la camara del rey*), their duty being the service of the royal person. Four of them enter on this duty every four months, and assist in dressing his Majesty. They perform this service also indiscriminately to the persons of the Prince of Asturias and the Infantes: their salary is 8000 reales per annum. Their uniform is blue, richly embroidered with

gold, and the gold key placed lengthways above the coat pocket. They are denominated *Gentil-hombres de Camara.* There is another class who wear a key, or rather merely the handle of a key, called *Llave capona*, made of metal; these persons are stiled *Ugieres;* they are noble, but generally poor and of little rank, and have no other privilege or service than the wearing of this honorary badge.

Note (7), p. 42.

It is no uncommon thing to see ladies in society in the kind of dress here described, the singularity of which is rendered more striking by the general uniformity of female dress in Spain. I remember seeing a lady at a tertulia in Cadiz dressed in a habit of this kind, and upon inquiring of another in company, as to the cause of what appeared to me to be a strange taste, it being the first I had seen, I was informed that she had made a vow to wear it until the return of her husband from a distant voyage. My informant, however, added her doubts as to the truth of the vow, but told me she rather supposed it to be a penance enjoined by her confessor, and stated the probability of its being

as an atonement for an infringement of her fidelity to her husband during his absence, as her intrigue with a certain gentleman was well known. The ingenuity which the confessors in Spain display in the invention of modes of penance is amusing; and the politeness with which they proportion the punishments they enjoin for the fair sex to the weakness they discover in them, entitles them rather to a high character for gallantry than for justice. A circumstance which occurred in Portugal (and this may be said to be one of the few points in which the Portuguese and the Spanish characters assimilate), the truth of which I have no reason to doubt, will serve to illustrate the tenderness with which the Peninsular confessors, particularly the monks, punish their sinning daughters.—A young officer in the British army had procured the means, which are not difficult, of paying frequent visits to the interior of a convent of nuns, from one of whom he met with a very warm reception. Their intercourse continued for a considerable time; but as the period of Easter approached, it became necessary for each of the sisterhood to produce a certificate of having made confession during the Lent. It was with great ap-

prehension that her lover heard her profess her intention of confessing, and he anticipated her suffering all the horrors which he had gathered from romances were the certain punishments with which the breaking of the monastic vow was attended; how then was he astonished, upon meeting her shortly after her confession, to see her with an unaltered countenance, and to hear that her confessor, a Dominican friar, had imposed upon her as a penance the extra duty of telling *two rows of beads*, or *rosarios*, every night for a month, after a certain hour, before a particular image in the private chapel of the nuns. To enable the reader fully to judge of the leniency of this sentence, it should be stated that this chapel was in a situation removed from the principal part of the convent, and that the compliance with this penance, which was known, although the offence which it was to expiate was not declared, afforded the nun an unanswerable pretext for remaining out of the precincts of the dormitory after the hour of general retirement, which had hitherto been the only difficult obstacle to her frequent meeting with her gallant, a circumstance of which the friar could not have been ignorant.

Note (8), p. 63.

These words are cant terms, the use of which is, I believe, confined to the society of Madrid and Cadiz, at least it is not general all over Spain; but they are very frequently made use of by persons of both sexes at Cadiz, and serve to convey very *distinct* ideas. For instance, the Hottentot Venus would be said to have a great deal of *entusiasmo*, or to be very *entusiasmatica;* while on the contrary, had she been remarkable for a protuberance of beauty before, the word *patriotismo* and *patriotica* would have been used.

Note (9), p. 78.

The universal walking dress of the Spanish women is a *basquiña*, or black silk petticoat, which is put on upon leaving the house, and taken off upon returning to it. The gayer ones are generally Vandyked or scalloped at the bottom, and sometimes are ornamented by a row or two of long black fringe. The basquiña being very short, is confined to its intended length by small pieces of lead sown into the silk. Over the head is thrown a *mantilla*, which is a long strip of black or white lace, or of the mate-

rial of which veils are generally made; it is little more than a foot broad, and falling equally on both sides from the head, generally extends to about the knees, leaving the face exposed. It is crossed under the chin upon the bosom, and to retain it in its proper position is the occupation of the left hand, whilst the right is employed in the management of the fan, the constant companion of a Spanish woman.

Note (10), p. 84.

The Plaza de San Antonio is the handsomest square of Cadiz, and becomes filled with promenaders in proportion as the crowd on the Alameda lessens; but it is not the most select part of society that seek the late continuance of their walk upon this rendezvous. Bachicha is a dancing-master of Cadiz, who opens his dancing-room on every Sunday evening for the reception of such as choose to frequent his ball. The society to be found here is of the same nature as that which is to be met with on the Plaza de San Antonio after the hour of the Alameda.

Note (11), p. 108.

The differences of uniform in the Spanish

army are much more easily understood, and are more distinct, than those of any other nation. The *alferez*, or ensign, wears an epaulet on the left shoulder, a lieutenant one on the right, and a captain is entitled to two epaulets. A major is known by a single *galon*, or narrow strip of gold or silver lace, round the cuff of the coat, and has no epaulets; a lieutenant-colonel has two of these, and a colonel three. When an officer arrives at the rank of a brigadier-general, a single row of embroidery takes the place of these galons: and the ranks superior to this have corresponding distinctions in the embroidery of the cuffs, and also of the collar. The sash, which in the British army forms a distinction in uniform between officers who are combatants and those of the civil departments of the staff, is, in the Spanish, the peculiar mark of officers of the military staff, and the colour of the sashes worn by them is light blue.

Note (12), p. 117.

It is almost impossible to do justice in translation to the quaint and extraordinary pieces of this poet: the following is the original Letrilla, of which a translation has here been attempted:

LETRILLA DE DON LUIS DE GONGORA.

Ande yo caliente,
Y riase la gente.

Traten otros del gobierno
Del mundo y sus monarquias,
Mientras gobiernan mis dias
Mantequillas y pan tierno,
Y las mañanas de invierno,
Naranjada y aguardiente,
Y riase la gente.

Coma en dorada baxilla
El principe mil cuidados
Como pildoras dorados,
Que yo en mi pobre mesilla
Quiero mas una morcilla
Que en el asador rebiente,
Y riase la gente.

Quando cubra las montañas
De plata y nieve el Enero,
Tenga yo llena el brasero
De bellotas y castañas,
Y quien las dulce patrañas
Del Rey que rabió me cuente,
Y riase la gente.

Busque mui en hora buena
El mercader nuevos soles,
Yo conchas y caracoles
Entre la menuda arena,
Escuchanda á Filomena
Sobre el chopo de la fuente,
Y riase la gente.

Pase á media noche el Mar
Y arda en amorosa llama
Leandro por ver su Dama,
Que yo mas quiero pasar
De Yepes y Madrigal
La regalada corriente,
Y riase la gente.

Pues amor es tan cruel,
Que de Piramo y su amada,
Hace tálamo una espada,
Dó se junten ella y el:
Sea mi Tisbe un pastel
Y la espada sea mi diente,
Y riase la gente.

Note (13), p. 131.

The knife, which was an offensive and defensive weapon for which the Spaniards were famous, is still in use amongst the lower or-

ders of people. The *gitanos*, or gipseys, who are so numerous and so singular a race in Spain, are all secretly armed with an instrument of this kind; and the gitanas, or female gipseys, not unfrequently carry them in the manner here pointed out, slipped between the stocking and the garter. The character which is given to them of making frequent and unprovoked use of the knife is not a just one now, with whatever truth it may have been originally applied to them; but in any serious quarrel, when this *ultima ratio* is resorted to, they use it with great dexterity; and the fray which rises to this pitch generally ends fatally. There is a very amusing burlesque farce very popular in Spain, and which is something similar in its plan to *Bombastes Furioso*. The scene is laid in the St. Giles's of Madrid, and at the end of the piece the two principal heroes fight with their knives in the national manner. One of them is killed, but afterwards revives, as in Tom Thumb. This farce is called Manolo.

Note (14), p. 134.

The custom of erecting a cross upon the spot where a murder has been committed, is, I be-

lieve, prevalent in all Roman Catholic countries. Crosses of this kind are frequent all over Spain; and inscriptions are generally painted in a rough manner upon a board which is attached to the cross, describing the name of the person, the manner, and date of the death which it is designed to commemorate. The inscription inserted in the text may be considered as a specimen of those generally met with.

Crosses of another description are likewise very general all over Spain and Portugal, particularly the latter country. They are erected at the division of two or more roads, and are provided with a picture of the most horrible figures that can be imagined, surrounded by flames, and intended to represent departed souls in purgatory. These pictures are placed upon boxes which have an aperture to receive money, and are strongly padlocked, and the words "*Limosna para ias almas en Purgatorio*," "Charity for the souls in Purgatory," inscribed upon them. The pious traveller hardly ever passes one of these without contributing to the fund for the relief of the souls in Purgatory; and such is the superstition with respect to these crosses, that instances of these boxes being robbed rarely if ever occurred previous to the military occu-

pation of the countries where they existed; since which time, however, they are no longer in use. The existence of these crosses was a kind of contribution levied by the monks and priests upon the public, by means of the bigoted people who confessed to them. It was a common penance imposed by them to erect one of them, and the contents of the box was collected by the convent in the jurisdiction of which it was placed, and was said to be applied to the saying of masses for the departed souls.

Another kind of cross with which the weary traveller delights to meet are large stone ones, which, raised upon a number of large, square, flat stones, each smaller than the other, forming quadrangular steps, and placed in the middle of the road, announce the vicinity of every town or village throughout all Spain. They are generally within a quarter of a mile of the place upon the principal roads which lead to it.

Note (15), p. 158.

This interesting anecdote cannot be forgotten by any one of the many officers who witnessed it, and whose memory will attest the fidelity of this description of it.

Note (16), p. 162.

We have latterly become acquainted with the Cachucha as a dance in London by its introduction on the stage of the Opera House; but I believe it is not generally known, that to the same air which inspires this lively dance, hundreds of different couplets are continually sung, and give way, after a time, to others to which circumstances give rise. It is not easy for a person unacquainted with the Spanish language to conceive the facility with which these couplets are composed; and many of which, though they do not deserve the name of poetry, contain a great deal of wit. An instance which occurred at Cadiz, and the truth of which may be relied on, will serve to elucidate the rapidity with which stanzas of this kind flow extemporaneously. When the news of the battle of Salamanca was received at Cadiz, the enthusiastic delight of the people showed itself different ways; and, amongst others, a temporary orchestra was erected in a public place, where all the best musical amateur performers of Cadiz, vocal as well as instrumental, joined their talents to form a patriotic concert. A lady, justly celebrated for the fineness of her voice, was one of the

foremost of this band; and being heard by those near her humming a light little air, very common at that time in Cadiz, she was called upon to sing it aloud. In obeying the call she adapted to it near fifty stanzas extemporaneously composed. Few of them would bear translation; but the Spanish student may be amused by the following:

Si quiere vmd hacer rabiar
A Napoleon,
Mandále vmd memorias
Del Lord Wellington.

De las bombas que tíran
Los fanfarones
Hacen las Gaditanas
Tirabusones.

Naciones ambiciosas
Tened presente
Que cadenas España
No las consiente.

Prometen los franceses
Cosas mui buenas;
Acá no nos comulgan
Con berengenas.

Respete el mundo á España
Que es una nacion
Que no podran vencerla
Fuerza ni traicion.

The air of the cachucha, with the English words here inserted adapted to it, is published by Mr. Power of the Strand.

Note (17), p. 169.

The two Imperial Eagles which were taken at the battle of Barrosa were both decorated with a wreath of laurel in gold affixed round their necks, a distinction given by the hand of Napoleon himself to the standards of those regiments which volunteered their services for the Spanish war.

*Note (18), p. 172.*

In stating the facts which occurred at the battle of Barrosa, as they appeared to the eye of a spectator not in the confidence of the chiefs of the armies, I by no means presume to judge individually of the conduct of the Spanish General, upon which much discussion took place at the time; but I state the opinion gene-

rally entertained throughout the British army. The Spanish government apparently did not coincide in that opinion.

Note (19), p. 202.

I believe there is no doubt, that a number of French spies found means to evade both the civil and military police of Cadiz during the siege; but the stratagem by which the French officer, whom Mosquera thus introduces to Alvarez, remained in the city in the disguise of a beggar, is taken from a real fact which actually occurred there.

Note (20), p. 216.

Huelba is a small town situated upon an arm of the sea, into which the little river Odiel empties itself. It is on the coast of Andalusia, between the mouths of the rivers Guadalquivir and Guadiana; but nearer the latter than the former, and more than fifteen leagues from Cadiz.

Note (21), p. 218.

Smoking is universal amongst the Spaniards,

and is not confined to any particular class; but all seem equally addicted to this practice. The better sort of people smoke Havannah segars, or what pass for them, which are called *puros*, or pure, in contradistinction to *cigaros de papel*, or chopped tobacco rolled up into small tubes of paper, which are substituted for the *puros* by the inferior class of people. Many Spaniards are in the habit, as they have themselves informed me, of lighting a segar just before they extinguish the candle which lights them to bed, and smoking themselves to sleep. In the morning a segar is the usual accompaniment to the small cup of chocolate which the Spaniards generally take in bed. The common breakfast which is procured at a coffee-house in Spain is a *xicara*, or small cup of very thick chocolate with a few slices of toasted bread: this is always served with a glass of water to cleanse the mouth after taking it, and a small brass pan, containing a morsel of burning charcoal, to light the segar. A merchant of Cadiz assured me, that he was unable to transact business in his counting-house without a segar in his mouth, which is retained there in such a manner as neither to inconvenience in breathing or speaking, if necessary. The number which he consumed in a day sometimes

amounted to thirty. In smoking, the Spaniards not only retain the smoke for a considerable time in their mouths before they eject it, but they occasionally swallow a large volume of it; which having remained some seconds in their stomachs, re-ascends, and finds its way out through the nostrils. The first time I observed this particularly, was whilst talking with a priest with whom I was acquainted in Cadiz. Having drawn in a quantity of smoke, he took his segar from his mouth, and continued in conversation: while I was guessing at the means he could use to retain the smoke while he continually opened his mouth, it made its appearance in two streams descending from his nose. There is another kind of segar besides those already mentioned, which is peculiarly adapted for the use of the ladies; for it is no uncommon thing to find matrons of a certain age indulging in this luxury, although I never heard of the younger part of the sex following their example, except in very low life indeed. These segars are made of the finest Havannah tobacco, and rolled into the broad leaves of Indian corn straw, forming a small tube of from an inch and a half to two inches long, and are called *pajitas*.

Note (22), p. 221.

The patriotic song here mentioned is one similar to that introduced at the end of the first chapter, p. 25, and the air of which is, I think, equally beautiful and impressive. The following are some of the original stanzas, from which it will be seen that those in the text are not translations.

EL CLAMOR DE LA PATRIA,

Cancion Patriotica.

Españoles, la patria oprimida
Os convoca en los campos de honor,
Acudid á su voz imperiosa,
Recobrad uestro antiguo valor.
¿ Quien habrá que en su mísero estado
Indolente la vea gemir?
¿ Quien á un fiero déspota inhumano
Podrá humilde rendir la cerviz?

CORO.

¿ Qué esperais Ciudadanos valientes?
¿ No escuchais de la patria el clamor?
Quien no corra á salvarla brioso
Será indigno del nombre Español.

El tirano de toda la Europa
Solicita eclipsar su esplendor,
Y difunde por todos los pueblos
El espanto, la muerte y horror:
Ni el gemido del niño inocente
Ni del viejo la tremula voz,
Se libertan del duro falange,
Son oidos del fiero opresor.

CORO.

Descolgad las valientes espadas
Que de pólvo cubiertas se ven,
Empuñadlas con robusto brazo,
Todo ceda de ellas al baiben.
De las urnas de vuestros mayores
Las cenizas haced revivir,
Imitad sus gloriosas hazañas,
Y qual ellos vencer ó morir.

CORO.

No mas tiempo perdais Españoles,
De una vez el letargo dexad,
Por instantes perece la Patria,
A salvarla veloces marchad.
Cumplid todos dever tan sagrado,
Si quereis conservar vuestro honor,
Y que libre se vea Fernando
De su triste y amarga prision.

CORO.

Si algun tiempo la horrible perfidia
Su potente valor enervó,
Hoy su frente en los campos de Marte
El laurel inmortal se ciño.
Ya sus hijos con pecho constante
En las lides los vemos triunfar;
Ya los vemos cubiertos de gloria,
Del tirano el orgullo domar.

CORO.

En defensa de causa tan justa
Toma parte el Britano valor;
Tema el mundo tan fuertes naciones,
Tiembla de ellas el Corzo feroz.
Estrechadas en firme alianza
Mueve á entrambos igual interes,
Y qual Dios tutelar venerado
Será siempre de España el Ingles.

CORO.

END OF VOL. I.

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